

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY M. H. JEWELL.

A despatch from Brainerd, dated Nov. 1st says:

It is said the largest stock shipments in sight and in transit here for any one day on the Northern Pacific, was visible this morning. Miles of cars, including grain shipments, fill the yards. Among the shippers was Sam English, in charge of a large consignment of the Marquis De Mores' cattle, bound out via Duluth. Mr. English, speaking from a wide observation of western Dakota and Montana says that stock prospects were never so flattering, except in the single fact of a very large per cent. of shortage of the calf crop. This per cent. Mr. English places at 300 calves to 1,000 cows, against the general average of 800 calves to 1,000 cows. The Marquis De Mores' line of Concordos from Medora to the Black Hills is doing a splendid business.

FARGO REPUBLICAN, 28th: Major Fleming reports that he received a letter from Oliver Gibbs, Jr., United States commissioner for Minnesota, this morning, saying that he had arranged for the exhibits of the northwest, including Dakota, Montana and Washington territory, to leave St. Paul from the 10th to the 12th of November by special train and giving notice to Dakota to have her banners flying. The train would go as a special train from St. Paul to New Orleans. It is urged upon all counties in North Dakota to send their exhibits at once. The counties are expected to pack their products properly, and all North Dakota will send them direct to Major R. E. Fleming, Fargo, where they will be placed in cars, and the whole product of North Dakota will leave Fargo in a solid train.

THE I. O. ON DAKOTA.
The following is taken from a letter to the Chicago Inter Ocean of the 29th:

The one certain and known quantity in Dakota is the boomer. You will find him wherever you travel in the territory, and he will not for a moment allow you to forget that you are in the land of promise—the wonderland of the northwest. And there is one remarkable thing about the Dakota boomer. It has power to convince and convert. No one thinks for a moment of questioning the statements made regarding this country. Every word is accepted gospel truth, and every new arrival is a boomer before he is even a settler. On the train one will bear the wildest statements—stories that would cause Munchausen to stop for a moment and consider whether he had met his equal, and all these will be listened to by men of wide experience with the same interest that children listen to a fairy tale. And who would question the truthfulness of a story when the boomer gives proofs as he proceeds, never stopping for a moment, but always ready with figures, facts, dates, etc., which will make the listener's head swim if he tries to remember the half of them. You might as well try to corner a herd of buffalo or the plains as catch a boomer in a story that he cannot prove to be more than true. He will demonstrate that the soil is the richest in the world by calling attention to a newspaper item about wheat fields producing fifty bushels to the acre, and another giving the dimensions of pumpkins that grow so large that they must be cut up in the fields before they can be loaded on the wagons for removal, and you will no more question these than you would

THE STORY OF ALLADIN

and his wonderful lamp as you read them in your boyhood. So did Colonel Sellars visit Dakota who would cease to be a phenomenon, for he would find the prairies dotted with the habitations of his brothers, and at every railroad station and on every trail he would meet his equal. Indeed, I think he would have to impress his vocabulary if he would keep pace with the men who see millions in every acre of this great northwestern empire.

As the boomer is to be found everywhere in the territory, it is not surprising that Bismarck, the capital, should have a few visitors now, and when I see the wild enthusiasm of not only residents of the territory, but visitors, I am not surprised at the reckless speculation that was indulged in here when the commissioners first located the capital at Bismarck.

* * * * *

There are many other boomers who are ambitious to be considered Mr. McKenzie's rivals, but they have yet to make their reputations, and I shall only quote well established authorities.

But the boomer who is a resident is not more enthusiastic than the new convert, and the man who predicts the greatest future for Bismarck, so far as I have heard, is an old Boston merchant, who was thirty years ago a resident of Chicago, and who still has large business interests in the Garden City. This man is Mr. Mack, whom I met a few evenings ago at a social gathering. I found him a man of intelligence, wide experience, and close observation. Whatever place he visits he makes a close study of surroundings. This was not his first visit to Bismarck, and his enthusiasm was perhaps not entirely unselfish, as he has considerable property in the city and along the river. He said he first visited Dakota four years ago, with a view to buying land in the Red River valley, but after looking over that part of the territory he concluded not to invest and came farther west along the Northern Pacific route and stopped at Bismarck, a little hamlet of two or three hundred people. He looked over the country, and liking it invested in land. He had no reason to regret that investment, and believed it one of the best he had ever made.

Mr. Mack believes that the capital city has a future and he gives very good reasons for the faith that is in him. He says he lived in Chicago thirty years ago and that city was then not as promising as is Bismarck today. He remembers how eastern men said that it was the wildest folly to try to build a city on the low land, where everything solid would be buried in the mud. In making Chicago, not only the city but its foundations had to be built. There was no trade and all that had to be attracted. The Illinois Central railroad was built, and other railroads followed before Chicago could be made a market. Few men who lived there thirty years ago even hoped for the city of today. Now, said my Boston boomer,

THE associated press tells us all about Blaine and Cleveland, but there is a dearth of reliable information about Belva Lockwood's run.

Bismarck

has a brighter future. In the first place, I have noticed that the great cities of the continent are in a belt, and about 500 miles apart. First comes Boston, and from there to New York is 500 miles. From New York it is 500 miles to Buffalo, and from Buffalo the same distance to Chicago. From Chicago it is nearly 500 miles to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and from there to Bismarck is another 500 miles. And there is no probability of a large city being built between this and the Rocky mountains, except Helena, which will be a city like Denver, a mining town. But Bismarck is here in the center of this great agricultural belt; and unlike Chicago in her early days, this little city does not have to attract. Everything gravitates to it. Here is the Missouri river, which I feel sure, with a very little expenditure of money, can be made navigable for large steamers from the Gulf this far north, and above here for 500 miles the river is navigable for the smaller boats. All the trade along the river above her must come to Bismarck. It has no other market. Below it may come. If the river is improved this will be the great distributing point. Then along the river above here a few miles there are large deposits of coal, not such as we get from Pennsylvania, nor ever so good as Illinois coal, but very fair, and the river boats now use it. I believe if the mines are developed we will get better coal, and if not, what is now mined is considered good enough for the railroad.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY IN PHILADELPHIA.
proposes to distinguish itself, by big receptions the coming winter. Already there is a great demand among private families for pale, effeminate-featured young men with banded hair for the occasions.

THE YANKTON PRESS AND DAKOTAIAN.
suggests the following paragraph as appropriate to appear in all papers after election: "The campaign has closed, and if we have said anything we are sorry for, we are glad of it, and willing to forgive everybody."

"NELLIE ANDERSON," the Philadelphia girl who was let off for horse stealing last year, because she claimed to be the daughter of a Maine judge, has just been caught stealing horse blankets. She has been up for drunkenness several times since her first arrest and was once sent to the house of correction.

"Now," said the photographer, taking hold of the cloth over the instrument, "you are all ready?"

"Yes," replied the customer.

"Well, just keep your eye on that sign," he said, pointing to a legend on the wall which read, "Positively No Credit," and look pleasant."

CARL PRETZEL'S WEEKLY. The man who stubbornly refuses to take a personal interest in the affairs of the community in which he resides, is just about as serviceable as an old boot leg which has been divorced from the sole, for he is uppermost in his own selfish thoughts, and wholly devoid of proper understanding.

THE IRISH WORLD OF NOV. 1. is one of the strongest Republican campaign publications ever issued in this country. It contains among other matter, facsimiles of the editorial comments in English newspapers upon the nomination of Blaine and Cleveland, also strong caricatures and original articles of much merit. Patrick Ford, the editor, has done good work for the Republican party in this campaign.

BROOKLYN TIMES. A Gates avenue husband stumbled into the house at 3 a.m., and finding his spouse sleeping up for him, but fast asleep, it flashed through his beer-brain to retire quietly, which he did, without awaking her. He had fairly got into the bed when she awoke and turned to her dressing case prepared to disrobe, remarking: "Won't I give it to that old hog when he comes home?" To which he replied: "Not necessary, my dear, the old hog is home."

JAMESTOWN ALERT. The friends of H. N. Johnson Nickens should remember that the bolting of the Capital which pretended all along to be his strong friend has to some extent injured his cause in other parts of the district, and the people of this county owe it to him and themselves to give him a rousing majority next Tuesday. Mr. Nickens is loyally and energetically supporting the entire legislative ticket as well as the county ticket nominated by the recent Republican county convention, has no part in nor sympathy with bolting movements whatever, and he should have the undivided support and vote of the party throughout the district. While we have no doubt of his election, we desire to urge the people to not neglect to come out to the polls and vote for him because they think his election is sure.

A WEALTHY PENNSYLVANIA FARMER. named Stoneback, who lived in Stonetown at the foot of Eagle mountain, was generally just in his dealings and paid all his debts religiously except his taxes, which he allowed to get in arrears. The collector had threatened to seize and sell enough of his property to square him up on the county books, and appointed a date for a last visit before the seizure. Stoneback's wife and children tried to persuade him to pay and be done with it, but he obstinately refused to listen to them. He did not believe in taxes and hated tax collectors. The collector came on time and Stoneback, refusing to see him, ran to the barn in a rage. Shooting was soon heard in the barn and Stoneback was found with his head nearly all blown off. He left a large farm, a widow and house full of children, twenty head of horses and thirty cows and his taxes unpaid. He said he would never pay another cent of taxes while he lived and he kept his word.

A LADY WHO CAME OVER FROM EUROPE. last week, met an Englishman on board the steamer who said he expected to see all there was worth seeing in America in the space of one week.

GRATIFYING. (Boston Transcript.)

The success of Maud S. is another gratifying evidence of the final triumph of Maud S.'s merit.

BILL NYE. Parties in need of glowing press

opinions for lecture or show business this winter will do well to address the subscriber, enclosing navy blue postal money-orders and an unfranked postage stamp for reply.

AN ARMY OF SPIES.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF RUSSIA'S POLITICAL POLICE SYSTEM.

INTRIGUES AND PLOTS BY WHICH SOUDAIKIN GAINED ASCENDANCY — MONEY, ARGUMENTS, MENACES AND PERSUASION.

[St. Petersburg Co. London Times.]

Soudaikin consistently followed his policy of weakening the enemy by demoralization. He never aspired to the honor of exterminating the revolutionists. He knew full well that this was impossible, that they were the inevitable outcome of the existing order of things. Indeed, it is questionable whether he wished for their total suppression. Often, in moments of confidential expansion, he would exclaim that some men must be allowed to go free so as to perpetuate the race, or else the police would be left without means of subsistence. He did not want to destroy the revolutionists, but simply sought to render them weaker than the police by checking their efforts to become an organized force.

To guide him in this warfare, Soudaikin laid down as a fundamental principle, not only that there should be as few honest persons as possible, but that it was equally important to obliterate the belief in honesty. He therefore sought to implant by every means the conviction that honesty was merely a question of price. It was necessary, he maintained, that the scoundrel should cease to be ashamed of his infamy, and that it should be quite impossible for an honest man to make others believe in his incorruptibility.

Soudaikin made it a rule to invite everybody to become a spy. It was of comparatively little consequence to him whether the proposal was accepted or indignantly rejected. Whatever might happen, he did not consider his labor lost. All overtures made by the police to an honest man rendered less conspicuous those negotiations which had been crowned with success. Outsiders also became more and more embarrassed in their efforts to distinguish between friend or foe. At last the public would become habituated to the idea that it was but natural for an independent man to hold conversations with officials belonging to the secret police.

For similar reasons Soudaikin did not hesitate to throw away money on persons who were evidently deceiving the police. From Soudaikin's point of view, it did not much matter. He wanted people to become accustomed to accepting money from the police. This was his main purpose, and it was considered a success when men took money, even though they did not act as spies. Such transactions further confused the spectators, rendering it more and more difficult to say who was a spy and who was not. It further enabled real spies to pretend that they were merely deceiving the police, so as to extort money from the authorities. It must also be acknowledged that these methods were most successful. Demoralization spread rapidly, tantalizing society and even the young and enthusiastic university students. At one time, for instance, over fifty students of St. Petersburg alone were in receipt of salaries from the police. Among them were some so-called honest people—that is to say, students who took the money, but did not serve the police.

Soudaikin also willingly paid false spies, who, while denouncing their friends to him, were careful to first warn those whom they were about to betray. Nor did the fact that persons revealed to the revolutionists all the police secrets they were able to discover alter Soudaikin's policy. These double traitors are useful in their way. In the first place, they sometimes unintentionally gave information, and always served as a good covering for the faithful and true spies. Secondly, they were useful in circulating among the police false or useful information to which the police deemed it advisable to give publicity. In such cases the police would prefer to be especially confidential. This means, for instance, was employed by Soudaikin when Soudaikin was anxious that the revolutionists denounced by Janczewski in his confessions should have time to escape, before their arrest would not add to the popularity of a rival, the public prosecutor, Dobrowski. Moreover, all persons receiving money were being gradually corrupted, and a very large proportion ended by becoming traitors.

To increase his army of spies Soudaikin employed every means—money, arguments, inducements, and persuasion. It was his custom to invite innumerable persons to see him, not for any definite purpose, but for the sake of a idle conversation. On these occasions he would generally commence operations by opening a theoretical discussion and represented himself as an adherent of The Thirteenth. After a while he began to eat, but with a great deal of caution and reserve, as though he was afraid of making a mistake or suspected the biscuit of concealing a snare. Frequently he paused between bites and his lips moved as if in prayer. The latter illusion was dispelled, however, by the indistinct pronunciation of the name of a numeral. He was evidently counting. He chewed with his eyes fixed upon the equations of the diagram. There was a pale bluish tinge about his face and he looked bilious. His neighbor at the table hitched his chair a little further away and placed his hat where he could seize it at a moment's notice. He suspected the newcomer of being a lunatic. Suddenly the stranger caught his eye, stared, and inadvertently swallowed his food. He seemed to be very much put out by the occurrence.

"Why do you look at me that way?" he demanded. "Do you think I am peculiar?"

"Well, I think your manner is a little odd?" ventured the other.

"Not at all, sir," responded the stranger emphatically. "I'm dyspeptic and my digestion is in a bad way. I have just learned of Mr. Gladstone's rules for regulating digestion so as to in the highest degree facilitate digestion. I have adopted his system of thirty-two chews to a piece of steak, fourteen to a cold potato, etc., etc., I have improved on it. What was before crude is systematic and theoretical. It is the combination which puzzles me. They will not when I get used to it. Is it the explanation sufficient?" It was, and in a few moments more the scholarly dyspeptic was plunged in the intricacies of a profound mathematical problem.

THE MULE AND THE BOY. (Germantown Telegraph.)

A boy, apparently very much agitated, rushed into a house, recently, and said to the lady:

"I don't want to alarm you, but I've got big news. The man sent me up from the livery stable to tell you."

"Good heavens, what is it?"

"Why you know yer little boy, Aleck, what the man can't keep out of the livery stable 'round the corner!"

"Yes, well?"

"I told Aleck just now not to go into the stable among the horses, but he wouldn't mind me."

"O, dear! what has happened?"

"He said he wanted to see what a mule would do when you tickled its heels with a straw."

"O heavens!" grasped the lady, and clung to the mantle for support.

"Well, sir, yer boy Aleck got a straw, stuck up tehin' a sorrel mule, tickled him on the heel's an'—"

The lady started for the door.

"An' the blamed critter never lifted a hoot," called the boy. "Never as much as switched its tail. It's a mighty good thing for Aleck that he didn't, too; an' I thought I'd come up an' tell yer." And he dodged out at the side entrance.

FOR THE "CONSCIENCE FUND."

There was received at the post office department recently a 2-cent stamp inclosed in a perfumed note. The sender, who signs herself "Sweet Sixteen," writes that she inadvertently used a canceled stamp upon a letter that found its destination, and she cautions the post office officials to be more careful in the future.

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THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS.

(Washington Hatchet.)
Across the mounds of the Net
We chase the grimes When
And hunt the Itches of the What
Through forests of the Then.

Into the inner consciousness
We track the crafty Where;
We spear the Ergo tough, and heard
The Ego in his lair.

With lasses of the brain we catch
The lenses of the Was,
And in the copies of the Whence
We hear the Think-bee buzz.

We climb the slippery Which-Lark tree
To watch the Pineness roll
And pause betimes in gnomic rhymes
To woo the Over-soul.

IT WON'T BE A MATCH.

A Mile and a Half of Lead Pipe—An Esthetic Woman.

(Detroit Free Press.)

A man whose hair and whiskers were plentifully sprinkled with gray was in the city yesterday to see about buying a large quantity of lead pipe. When he asked how much a mile and a half of a certain size would cost, the dealer stood off and looked at him in amazement.

"Oh! I ain't bony," replied the man.

"But what can you want of a mile and a half of this pipe, costing you many hundred dollars?"

"See here," replied the other, as he took a chair and became confidential, "I'm a widower."

"I'm thinking of taking a second wife. She

does on a front yard. I've got the yard. She does on lawn ornaments. I've been around pricing stone dogs, cast-iron deer and terra-cotta rabbits till you can't tell. She does on fountains. That's why I want the pipe."

"But why so much of it?"

"Because I've got to run the pipe to a spring on a hill a mile and a half away."

When he had explained how much he

had the dealer told him that he couldn't get

fountain enough to dampen a sunflower.

"No."

"Won't squirt a foot high?"

NORTHERN PACIFIC TIME CARD

PACIFIC EXPRESS.
(Going West.)
Ar. Bismarck 11:45 a.m. Ar. Mandan 12:10 p.m.
Lv. " 11:50 a.m.

MISSOURI RIVER EXPRESS.
(Going West.)
Ar. Bismarck 6:25 p.m. Ar. Mandan 6:50 p.m.
Lv. " 6:30 p.m.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS.
(Going East.)
I.V. Mandan 4:50 p.m. Ar. Bismarck 5:10 p.m.
Lv. " 5:14 p.m.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS EXPRESS.
(Going East.)
I.V. Mandan 9:10 a.m. Ar. Bismarck 9:30 a.m.
Lv. Bismarck 9:30 a.m.

DR. SANFORD'S



INVIGORATOR

Is just what its name implies; a Purely Vegetable Compound, that acts directly upon the Liver; curing the many diseases incident to that important organ, and preventing the numerous ailments that arise from its deranged or torpid action, such as Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Biliousness, Costiveness, Malaria, Sick-headache, Rheumatism, etc. It is therefore a truism that "To have Good Health the Liver must be kept in order." DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR—Invigorates the Liver, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the System, Purifies the Blood, Assists Digestion, Prevents Fevers, Is a Household Need. An Invaluable Family Medicine for common complaints. DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR. An experience of Forty years, and Thousands of Testimonials prove its Merit. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS IN MEDICINES. For further information send your address for 100 page Book on the Liver and Genses, to DR. SANFORD 54 DUANE ST., NEW YORK CITY.

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and

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CAPITAL PRIZE \$75,000.
Tickets only \$5. Shares in proportion.

L.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for the sale of the annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, just we authorize the company to use this certificate, just as facsimiles of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.

J. F. Eddy,

Commissioners.

Incorporated in 1868 for 2 years by the Legislature, for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of \$1,000,000—no which has since been added.

An overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution December 2, A. D. 1873.

The only lottery voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. ELEVENTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS L. IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, November 14th, 1884—174th Monthly Drawing.

Capital Prize \$75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each Fractional in Fifths in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE.....\$75,000

1 CAPITAL PRIZE.....25,000

2 PRIZES OF.....10,000

5 PRIZES OF.....6,000...12,000

10 PRIZES OF.....2,000...10,000

20 PRIZES OF.....1,000...5,000

10 PRIZES OF.....500...10,000

30 PRIZES OF.....200...20,000

50 PRIZES OF.....100...30,000

1,000 PRIZES OF.....50...25,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9 Approximation Prizes of \$750.....6,750

9 Approximation Prizes of \$500.....2,500

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The Bismarck Tribune.

BY M. H. JEWELL

THE DAILY TRIBUNE.
Published every morning except Monday, at
Bismarck, Dakota, is delivered by carrier to all
parts of the city at twenty-five cents per week,
or \$1 per month.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One week, postage paid.....\$1.00
Three months, postage paid.....\$3.00
Six months, postage paid.....\$6.00
One year, postage paid.....\$10.00

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.
Eight pages, containing a summary of the news
of the week, both foreign and local, published
every Saturday, postage paid, \$1.00
for 12 months, \$12.00.

The **WEEKLY TRIBUNE** has a large and rapidly
increasing circulation throughout the country,
and is a desirable sheet through which to
reach the farmers and residents of the small
towns remote from cities.

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The **DAILY TRIBUNE** circulates in every town
within one hundred miles of Bismarck reached
by a daily mail, and is by far the best advertising
medium in this part of the Northwest.

The general eastern agent of the **TRIBUNE** is
A. E. Steele, who works at the printers at Room

A, Tribune Building, New York.

Friends of the **TRIBUNE**, visiting Fargo will
find this paper on file at the office of C. J. Eddy,

general freight and passenger agent, Fargo &
Southern Railway, Continental hotel.

THE LOCAL VICTORY.

The victory of the People's ticket in Burleigh county yesterday is significant in more ways than one. The contest was waged upon the plain issue of sustaining or downing McKenzie, and such was the only sentiment voiced by the coterie who nominated and manipulated the opposition ticket. The real issue was not whether McKenzie should be continued as sheriff, but whether the people should, by re-electing him, approve of his labors in behalf of the territory of Dakota and her capitol city. No man had done more for his friends, his constituency and his country than he. Such is human nature, however, that no sooner does a person succeed in politics or business, than he is immediately attacked by a horde of ambitious, selfish and revengeful aspirants for honors that they cannot gain for themselves. McKenzie has proved no exception to the rule. A few persons envied Mr. McKenzie his position as a political leader, and were so puffed up by egotism and false pride as to imagine that they could usurp the throne of political power and crown themselves heroes and reformers. They girded up their loins with ingratitude and sought to affirm the personal slanders that have emanated from the South Dakota ring of disappointed and defeated politicians and public plunkers. What has been the result? Out of nearly 1,500 votes cast in Burleigh county, without any especial electioneering or solicitation of votes, Mr. McKenzie received over 1,300. This is Burleigh county's expression of her confidence in Mr. McKenzie and an acknowledgment of gratitude for noble deeds and works that none other could have performed. The victory is complete and satisfactory. The opposition was literally snowed under, and the **TRIBUNE** believes that the majority would have been as great had every county in the territory been permitted to vote upon the issue. The People's or **TRIBUNE** ticket entire was elected, and the verdict sent forth to the territory at large that Burleigh county is loyal to her friends and has no sympathy for mongrels and ingrates who would build up their own fortunes upon the ruins of the good work of others. This is glory enough for one day. Every man on the People's ticket has been elected by a good majority.

ADVICES up to midnight indicate about the following status of affairs in this, the Ninth legislative district: Gifford has an overwhelming majority. Nickens, republican, for the council, has carried every county in the district. Richardson, republican, has been cut in Griggs, Stutsman and Kidder counties, in the east end of the district, and Bellows, democrat, has carried the west Missouri region by about 85%. Burleigh county is practically solid and in this respect is the banner county of the district. Stevens, of Griggs, for the house, has been cut somewhat in Griggs, Stutsman and Kidder, and Steele has been cut in Foster, Griggs and slightly in a few other counties. However, he will pull through, as will every other candidate on the republican ticket. Had not Burleigh county sustained her record for standing solid and voting solid for her friends, this victory would not have been brought about. Neighboring counties will doubtless profit by this legislative fight.

FARGO ARGUS: The Chicago Tribune discusses at length the cost of raising a bushel of wheat in the various wheat sections. The question is one it believes to be of very great practical importance if, as generally conceded, the production of the great staple has outgrown the demand. The process of readjusting the conditions to the new phase is naturally a slow one and entered upon reluctantly by farmers. In England the cost of production is put at \$35 an acre, while the products at the prices this year was worth but \$25. This involves the loss of \$10 an acre and, of course will compel the growth of substitutes for wheat, unless there is an early advance that would seem to be permanent. The information received by The Tribune from the wheat districts in the states is that the cost of an acre in wheat is from \$9 to \$10. At a yield of fifteen bushels per acre the return is below the cost. The farmer cannot afford to continue the process. He must reduce the wheat average and find something to take the place. The same authority quotes a bonanza farmer in Dakota as

placing his average yield at twenty bushels an acre, at a cost of about forty cents a bushel. This is believed to be the minimum, and rather under the cost of the small farmer, who cannot buy his supplies and conduct the operation at wholesale figures. The conclusion is that in Dakota wheat can be grown more cheaply than in any other part of the country, but still the present figures as a permanency would not be encouraging.

In the southern counties stock raising and flax are receiving rapidly growing attention. They will take the place of wheat to a great extent evidently. That wheat will appreciate in price seems an inevitable conclusion of reduced acreage. The farmer who is able to produce the finest quality of grain at the lowest cost has the foreground for the future. The fact that in many sections other industrial interests are likely to supplant the great bread producer, only enlarges and enriches the opening for the farmer of North Dakota.

A PIERRE special telegram dated November 4, to the St. Paul Dispatch says: "Surveyors started out today to run a line from this city up the Missouri valley to Bismarck. It will be called the Sioux Falls, Fairbanks & Western. The general course of this line will be nearly through the central portions of Sully, Potter, Walworth, Campbell, Emmons and Burleigh counties to Bismarck. It will probably strike the Missouri river at a few points, but the object is to build through the interior of the counties as much as possible. The road will undoubtedly be built next season and will be operated in connection with other lines across the territory.

"Should a young man put his arm around a young lady or ask to kiss her before they are engaged to be married?" writes an anxious inquirer. Well, that depends. The subject is a very important one. If her father wears a No. 10 boot, if the old gentleman belonged to a football nine in his youth, if her mother knows the rolling pin drill, or if the young man has been eating onions, are all subjects of the deepest consideration. There is no harm in doing these things after marriage, though the custom is not much in vogue.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

RETURNS have been received from all but three precincts in Burleigh county, which show 985 votes for McKenzie, for sheriff, and 299 votes for Lounsberry. Sterling precinct will probably give about 25 for Lounsberry and 15 for McKenzie. Stewarddale, 30 for McKenzie and 10 for Lounsberry, and Southmayd 10 solid for McKenzie. This will make the total for McKenzie 1,040; Lounsberry, 334. The full returns will be tabulated for tomorrow's paper.

A DISPATCH was received last evening by E. S. Neal from J. H. Manley, postmaster at Augusta, Maine, stating that the republicans have carried New York, Indiana, Virginia, West Virginia, and elected Blaine. This coming from Blaine's adjutant, who has accompanied Blaine on his recent tour, with the very latest information at hand, is at least encouraging and will take many out of the line of doubters.

THE BOARDS of registration having failed to do their duty, but few voters found their names registered yesterday. The result was that much loss of time and annoyance was caused, and some becoming disgusted left the polls without voting. At least 200 legal voters in Bismarck did not vote.

It is rumored that Jimmy Emmons himself placed the tumble weeds about his print shop, intending, if the People's ticket won, to set the whole business on fire and run away by the light of it. Just what induced him to change his mind does not appear.

J. C. Hollembaek made a good fight, an honorable fight, but the president of the so-called Burleigh County Reform association was too big a load for him, to say nothing of Emmons' endorsement and those other fellows.

HOLLEMBAEK could hardly expect success, with Bragg and others on the ticket working "spills" with Hollembaek and others scratched.

MISSISSIPPI has ten counties in which there are no inhabitants. These are the "back countries" which all parties wait for after an election.

Let's see, wasn't Colonel Lounsberry running for sheriff or suthin' in Burleigh county?

To EXCHANGES: Remember that "Now the smoke of battle having cleared away," etc.

PHILADELPHIA CALL: We would suggest as new head lines to replace "Births," "Marriages," and "Deaths," "Yells," "Bells" and "Knells."

The country, as a whole, is a long distance from poverty. During last month the public debt was decreased by over \$8,000,000.

WHEN Burleigh county goes for anything she goes in to win. The success of the republican legislative ticket in this district may be attributed to the "unanimous" feeling existing in this county.

"Weak-kneed" counties, whose politics are run by trimmers and men with lightning rods up their backs never accomplish much for themselves or the general commonwealth.

THE MANDAN Pioneer says that Mr. Carr, candidate for sheriff in Morton county was beaten because of the work he done last spring. Just what the nature of this work was the **TRIBUNE** does not pretend to know, but the **TRIBUNE** does know that Mr. Carr was candidate for sheriff on the straight Republican ticket, that he has worked for his republican friends unflinchingly ever since he has been in Mandan, and that in return for this he should have been supported by them at this election. And the **TRIBUNE** knows further that Mr. Carr was defeated because he stubbornly refused to cut his friends on the republican ticket and join the Bellows crowd. He fought Bellows all day, and in doing so Mr. Carr has placed his name prominently in the minds of all good republicans in the district. The republican nominees for the legislature were outrageously cut in Morton county, and Morton county republicans will be held responsible for it. It is hardly possible that such men as Long, Wheeler, Boley and Coe had anything to do with this piece of political treachery, but it has been done, all the same, and some one is to blame. If Mandan had a few more such tramps and political trimmers as Tuttle, of the Pioneer, all hope for future better behavior would vanish. The **TRIBUNE** hopes and believes that Tuttle will be set down upon in the near future.

A DISPATCH from New York, of the 5th, says: "The marriage of President Arthur with Miss Frelinghuysen has been arranged, and will take place at Washington during the month of January. At Newark, the home of the Frelinghuysens, the belief had been general for several months that the marriage was contemplated, but as the months have rolled on without the formal announcement, and as Miss Frelinghuysen was known to have been absent from Washington since early summer, having passed several months at Lenox, Massachusetts, where she now is, society there is now slow to believe that the marriage has been arranged, and yesterday no one closely acquainted with the family of the bride would admit the truth of the statement. Among President Arthur's friends in this city the news came as a surprise. All of them had read the rumors, but all set them down as successors to those which have been proved to be incorrect."

In reviewing the campaign the Jamestown Alert says: "The unfair, unmerited and outrageous personal abuse heaped upon Colonel Steele and Sheriff McKechnie, both prominent and good citizens, by our contemporary in this city was not only gross injustice to them but was an outrage upon the public sentiment which we have no doubt the author in his calmer moments will regret."

A SUPERANNATED old crank, yet, within a pretty good fellow, named Gray, is reported to have been running for judge of probate in this county, and it is further said that at Sterling Gray spoke to an audience of twenty or thirty, in the course of which he attacked Alexander McKenzie and C. B. Little. Gray is one of those fellows who sees no good in anyone except himself.

CHAS. RICHARDSON, candidate for the territorial council from Barnes county, has carried his own county by from five to six hundred majority. This proves that Root, the disturber of the peace in church gatherings, has been beautifully downed by public opinion.

DENNY HANNIEIN says that two numbers "5" and "7" trouble him and that he can't get 'em out of his "ant." He believes it all means that New York and Indiana have gone one way or the other, five and seven thousand, and he hopes it is in Cleveland's favor.

FROM present indications North Dakota counties have rolled up larger majorities for Judge Gifford than those in the southern half. North Dakota republicans are true blue to the nominee of their party.

THE VALUE and stability of the northwestern and Dakota trade is evidenced by the fact that the Bradstreet reports show that there has been no failure among the jobbers of St. Paul for a period of three years.

The complexion of the returns from all over the country would seem to suggest to the republicans the propriety of doing something for Dakota before another campaign.

D. W. CLARK, JR., of Valley City, in case Blaine is elected, will, by the terms of a wager, have to wheel Prof. Church in a wheelbarrow around the rink Saturday night. In case Cleveland is elected Clark is to ride.

LET US SEE: Johnson got there in Fargo, didn't he? The Argus is out of politics, but probably rejoices just the same.

GEORGE WALSH has been elected for the council in the Grand Forks district,

and Jud LaMoure in the Pembina district. It will now be in order for the editor of the Grand Forks Herald to hunt his hole and disappear.

ADAMS, of the Cooperstown Courier, probably thinks he has done a great act for his people, by carrying Cooperstown against Richardson by a vote of 144 to 16, but just how he expects to clean his skirts and square himself with Rich is not quite clear.

THE STANTON, Mercer county, Record, by Macarie and Worthington, has made its appearance. It is a live paper and published at the county seat of an excellent county.

THE Jamestown Alert, having fulfilled its promise to live until after the November elections, now lays down its task and will hereafter issue only weekly and Sunday.

IT looks as if the entire republican ticket had been elected in Stutsman county, and the fact proven that the Capital has made an ass of itself.

THE New Orleans Picayune says: "A Dakota editor advertises money to loan. Somebody has paid him a month's subscription and he is putting on airs."

A WIND blew the tumble weeds from the east end of town yesterday and the friends of Jimmy Emmons fear that he may never return.

A SOCIETY organ says it "costs \$15,000 to fit out a bride in first-class style." Think of this, young man, while searching through your pockets for change enough to buy her a bouquet.

AS Colonel Brown would say, "the **TRIBUNE** has again been endorsed."

BRAGG says he is for the postoffice now. He doesn't need votes for that.

"He laughs best who laughs last." The republicans promise to be those sort of fellows to-day.

WALT WHITMAN: You are wrong. If A bet B that "love" will not rhyme with "Oshkosh," A wins.

IF Twomey, for the council, is beaten in the Fargo district, perhaps the Argus will get into politics again.

Overheard Yesterday

IN THE MORNING.
Two supposed republicans met on the corner of Fourth and Main street yesterday morning A—Good morning, B, what do you think of election?

B—Looks as though Cleveland got there, doesn't it?

A—Well, what do you think of it, anyway?

B—Oh, guess 'toll right; Cleveland's a good man.

A—Yes, that's what I say. He made a good governor of New York.

B—Not only that, but see how the business men of New York stood by him?

A—Just so. If they have confidence in him, surely we should not complain. I believe he's a good man.

B—You are right; and then a change may do the country good.

A—(Yawning) Certainly. Blaine wasn't the man, nowob. By the way, have you heard from New York this morning?

B—(Yawning) No; let's go down to the **TRIBUNE** office and see the return.

And they both walked away without a smile.

IN THE EVENING.

A—Well things are brightening up a little.

B—Yes, I thought it couldn't be quite as bad as reported this morning.

A—Great God, what a calamity! the election of Cleveland would be to the country!

B—And how it would knock business into a cocked hat!

A—Thank the Lord so pure and noble a man as Blaine has been elected.

B—Let's smile.

And they smiled.

Wedding.

Mr. John Ivin and Miss Flora Smith were united in marriage at the residence of the bride, Mr. V. Smith, one of the solid farmers of Burleigh county, on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst. A select number of the friends of the family were invited and the occasion was a most happy and enjoyable one. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. Clare.

A. F. & A. M.

An election of officers, Bismarck Lodge No. 16, A. F. & A. M., was held at their hall Monday evening, Nov. 3d. The following officers were elected:

Frank Donnelly, W. M.

John E. O'Farrell, S. W.

E. N. Corey, J. W.

F. W. McKinney, S. C.

H. V. Wetherby, Treas.

Shot In the Arm.

Mr. J. A. Waller, of Jamestown, who has been visiting his cousin, Mr. Leroy Waller, of this city, for the past week, returned from a hunt in the Bad Lands, yesterday, with a bullet hole through his left arm. He was riding a pony at the time the accident happened, the trigger of the gun striking the saddle. The rifle was a Winchester, and the bullet cut through the band of his pantaloons, barely missing his body, and struck him on the left forearm. Dr. Corson dressed the wound and Mr. Waller is doing well.

White Baking Powders largely advertised as being absolutely pure are found to be enlivened by the presence of "Ammonia," and others betray "Alum," as an item of composition. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is found to be free from every trace of improper or harmful ingredients. Dr. Price's Cream is the most perfect powder made.

A DELAWARE baker has been indicted for selling bread on Sunday.

Hallowe'en.

Saturday was All Saints' day. Friday was Hallowe'en. 'Twas a nice cool e'en for a lark

WOMAN AND HOME.

The Well-Dressed Woman—On Horseback—In Dakota.

Before and After—Painfully Neat—Parisian Jewelry—Miss Alcott—Miss Kelly—Making a Scrap-book.

(Literary Word.)

A scrap-book should not be composed of miscellaneous material, but confined to some special purpose, for there are very few topics on which The World does not publish a wealth of information and grace it with. Let the collector decide rightly whether pictures or printed texts are to be collected. In pictures the collector should confine himself to a definite subjects, whether portraits, historical landscapes, or some branch of natural history. A book of famous authors may be collected from publishers' catalogues also.

In almost every city or county a volume of local scenery may be collected. The collector should especially seek to save what is likely to be lost. For a book in which to paste the cuttings, almost any bound volume will do, especially if its pages show a wide margin, and the print can be readily covered by two widths of ordinary newspaper clippings. The margin may be used for notes, including dates and a few explanatory memoranda. The clippings should be kept for a week or so, before they are pasted down, because a second judgment may rule them out. It is quite safe to advise collectors that no cutting will do, unless it fails to be fresh and intelligible a year after it has been honored with a place in the scrap-book. If the pages become too thick for the cover, cut out two or three leaves after every page filled with the clippings.

When there is the slightest possibility that a scrap-book may be used for publishing purposes, or that any of its entries may be cut out for other uses, cover one page only. But on the page used, the clippings should be packed closely together. If possible each clipping should retain the "rule" which marks the end of a printed paragraph or poem. The column lines need not be retained. In fact, it is best to cut newspapers always along these lines. Ragged edges, of course, should be avoided, and the mucilage with which the clippings are pasted down should be used sparingly, lest it ooze through the paper or exude from under the edges. Flour paste is better than mucilage, and what is known as "photographer's paste," is excellent.

Woman's Life in Dakota.

[Chicago Herald.]
A broad-shouldered, compactly built young woman with brown face and hard hands sat at the Lake Shore depot the other evening waiting for the departure of a train for the east. She had just arrived in town from Dakota.

"We don't waste any time in foolishness out our way," she said to a young man who seemed to be acquainted with her. "There is no love-making on my half section. It's nothing but No. 2 wheat from May to August. That's what we are out there for. Now, I own and manage a farm of 320 acres, and this year I took out a crop of eighteen bushels to the acre and sold it, got the cash, put it in the bank, discharged all my men but one, who will look after things this winter, and I'm off for a little fun down east. Marriage?" said she, in response to some remark by her companions; "that's what all the good-for-nothing cranks of men that I see from plowing time to harvest can talk about. What do I want to get married for? There are more than 300 of us girl farmers in Dakota, and we will hold a convention some time. I never saw a man yet that I would have around. I intend to farm it until I get enough money to live on comfortably, and then I'll see. I'm in the habit of doing about as I please. There was a nice young fellow in my neighborhood last July, who tried to be very gallant and wanted to help me whenever I did any work. If I chopped a little wood he wanted to do it. If I went after a nail of water he wanted to carry it. If I put a bag of grain on my shoulder he insisted on giving me a lift. He was a pretty nice boy, but he made me tired. One day I wanted the bay-hick on the wagon, and I took hold of one end and clapped it up on the wheel so quick that it made him dizzy."

"Let me, says he, but he only threw the whole thing down in trying to get the other end up. He didn't have the strength. Says I, 'Oh, go away. You don't eat enough No. 2 wheat.' Then I put the rick up in good style." We met lots of such fellows out there. They are good enough, I suppose, but when I want one I will send for him."

The Well-Dressed Woman.

[American Queen.]
The well-dressed woman again knows not only what to wear, but when to wear it. In the summer forenoon you will see her in the simplest of costumes, a dress absolutely plain and without ornament, without laces, fringes, decoration of any kind. In the winter at the same time she is equally plainly dressed in cloth. Later in the day she changes to small clothes for more ceremonious duties, visits, afternoon parties and tea—velvets and silks combined in winter, in summer rich gauzes and costly laces. In the evening, for dinner or ball, the most choice and splendid masterpieces of the dress maker's art are reserved; the richest stuff set off with the most elaborate embroideries and the rarest jewels. But withal, even in the last gorgeous stage into which the modern chrysalis has developed, ostentatious display is scrupulously avoided.

The highest art is to conceal art; to use the richest materials in compassing the utmost simplicity. There is no heaviness, no overloading with ornament, no meaningless superfluous decoration. The attire of a perfectly-dressed woman is original without eccentricity, personal to herself, yet following the latest fashion; attractive, yet undemonstrative—developing to the utmost her peculiarities.

Women on Horseback.

According to DeBussigny's "Handbook," a lady should sit on a horse thus: "The head straight, easy turning upon the shoulders in any direction without involving a movement of the body. The eyes fixed straight to the front, looking between the horse's ears, and always the direction in which he is going. The upper part of the body easy, flexible, and straight. The lower part of the body firm, without stiffness. The shoulders well back and on the same line. The arms falling naturally. The forearm bent. The wrists on a level with the elbows. The reins held in each hand. The fingers firmly closed, facing each other, with the thumbs extended on the ends of the lines. The right foot naturally on the pommeil of the saddle, the left foot in the stirrup without leaning on it. The part of the leg between the knees and the hip joint should be turned on its outer or right side, and should press throughout its length on the saddle. The knees should, in their respective positions, be continually in contact, without an exception. The lower or movable part of

the leg plays upon the immovable at the knee joint, the sole exception being when the rider rises to the trot, at which time the upper part of the leg leaves the saddle."

Before and After.

[New York Cor. Chicago Times.] Who has not been acquainted here with amiable, genial, kind hearted, engaging bachelors, and been struck by the revolution they have undergone after passing into conjugial bliss? They are said to be fortunately married in everything except money; to be very fond of their wives, and the most devoted of fathers. There is no reason to believe otherwise. And yet they do not look the happiness supposed to be enshrined in their hearts. Their faces have deep lines they seem far older than their years; they seldom smile; their opinions are cynical; their manners are morose. If all this mentioned, their intimates will say that they have many cares; that they have a hard time to get on, but that their domestic relations are delightful. The deduction is that it is possible to be happy at home and appear wretched abroad, just as it is possible to be wretched at home and appear happy abroad. But calm outsiders, waiting for facts and arguments in favor of matrimony before embracing it, may well be disengaged by such adverse semblances.

New York offers every year more and more inducements to celibates, both positively and negatively. The expense of marriage and all that is associated with it, steadily and rapidly increases, forcing married men to send their families into the country, while they toil in town and go home when they may. Many make a daily journey to and fro of eighty and a hundred miles, and are so tired with perpetual travel, added to their onerous duties, that they employ every leisure hour in seeking rest. They unquestionably enjoy their domesticity; they ought to, they have so little of it. To get up at sunrise, still sleepy; bolt their breakfast; hurry to the train; arrive at office or store; work hard every minute, their mind fixed all the while on the hour for return; dash off with a number of things undone; reach the station just in season to see the last car receding from view; feel unutterably profane; go back to attend to the unfinished task; meet a friend, leisurely, serene, contented, who smiles complacently (he is an infernal bachelor); set to work again; once more rush off, the job still incomplete, and leap on the train, already in motion, hot, out of temper, hurried to death, and devilishly domestic. To repeat this 324 times a year is the strongest evidence of family devotion; and yet it is not a wholly unalloyed satisfaction.

Miss Alcott's Reply.

[Chicago Tribune.] Miss Louisa Alcott, being asked for advice by a young lady who desired to earn a living by literary work, replied: "I can only reply to yours as to the other innumerable letters of the same sort which I receive. One must wait and work long and patiently before success of any sort comes and talent must be in the tales, or they won't sell. If people won't take the stories, try something else. For a young woman with good health and a brave heart many ways of earning a living are open if she can put her pride in her pocket and take whatever comes, no matter how humble the task may be. Nurse, teacher, companion, housekeeper, seamstress or servant are all honest trades and worth trying while waiting for the more agreeable work."

"I tried them, and after grubbing for twenty years made a hit, seemingly by accident, but I could see how very hard experience had helped, every sacrifice enriched, and so believe heartily in that sort of training for us all. I do not know any one in Washington, and I think anything better than the places women hold in public offices there. If your stories are good they will find a market; if they are not stop writing and try something else. The gift is born with us, and cannot be learned, as some think. Knowing nothing of you or your capabilities, it is impossible for me to advise or recommend except in the general way. 'Hope and keep busy' is my motto, for while one works despair cannot get the upper hand."

Painfully Neat.

[Mrs. A. E. Dickinson in Weekly Magazine.] The tidy housekeeper may be a jewel beyond price, or she may be, by exaggeration of her tidiness an unmitigated nuisance. We know how such, whose continual string game with the demons of dirt and disorder left its impress on the face. The features sharp ended from perpetual prying into corner and crevice after dust and cobwebs, the brow was contracted into a stereotyped frown over "the total depravity of inanimate things," and the voice grew querulous from continual complaints of the carelessness of children and servants.

Even the guest felt hampered in such a presence; scarcely dared to touch the finely bound volumes arranged with mathematical precision, or move the chairs which seemed as steadfast in their moorings as the seats in an audience room, but stepped gingerly about, fearing to disarrange the furniture or drapery, and was silently reproved when the tidy hostess stooped to pick up some stray ravelings from her work or return to its place the book she had just laid down. The husband of that wife did not praise her with any enthusiasm, or her children rise up and call her blessed, but were glad to escape from her perpetual restrictions into household less painfully neat but where there was more freedom and comfort.

Congressman Kelley's Daughter.

[Exchange.] Miss Florence Kelley, the daughter of Congressman W. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, who has been studying in Europe is engaged to be married to a Russian. A correspondent says of her: "Miss Kelley, as a child, was a pet and favorite of Henry C. Cary the American economist, and when she was 14 he remarked that he would rather discuss politics with her than with any specialist on the same subject he had ever known. Her father, naturally proud of her analytical mind and power of retention, has directed his daughter's education with a view to developing her ability, and gratifying her taste for the studies that few women care to grapple with. Since being graduated at Vassar, Miss Kelley has been for the most time abroad, traveling and pursuing the study of political economy at Zurich, though she found time to write a number of magazine articles and contributed a weekly letter to The Washington National Tribune.

Women Laborers.

According to the Massachusetts Bureau of labor statistics among the women laborers of that state are 106 barbers and hairdressers, 6 barkeepers, 3 bill posters, 9 commercial travelers, 2 bank officials, 2 pawnbrokers, 4 teamsters, 2 sailors, 1 gun and locksmiths, 75 bakers, 56 shoemakers, 6 carpenters, 2 door, sash and blind makers, 13 carpenters, 1 paperhanger, 1 plumber and gasfitter, 2 carriage makers, 16 watch and clock repairers, 10 cabinet makers, 10 harness makers, 2 stone cutters, 4 coopers, 253 laborers, and 5 engineers.

Paris' New Jewelry.

[American Queen.] A new style of jewelry has become fashionable in Paris. The whole animal world has

been exhausted in furnishing birds, beasts and fishes to adorn hats and bonnets for the promenade. These have gradually diminished from the life-size crowning cock and pheasant to the wren sitting on her nest, and the field mouse peeping from her tiny abode on top of a corn-stalk. Fashion now ordains that the brooches and ear-rings worn in full dress shall assume the most gigantic proportions. One of the most popular ornament is now the elephant, which, of disproportionate dimensions, is used to clasp the new Dominican cloaks, to finish the corsage in evening dress, to clasp the zones of beauty, or dangle from the ears. The ugly ornament is to be seen in every variety of material, and flourishes on every occasion.

Aprons for the Children.

[Pauline in The Housekeeper.]

The backs of cambic overskirts and polo naises make serviceable aprons for the children, providing you let the machine do all the sewing and do not spend much time in trimming. Have a good fitting pattern, however, for the plainest garment. Much depends upon the shape and fit of the aprons. One pattern, providing it is correct, will do duty in many ways. I cut aprons, dresses, cloaks and undergarments from a nice cloak pattern I have, varying them all a bit my taste.

Said a lady to me one day, referring to a neighbor's child who was at play with mine, "How dirty that little girl always looks." For reply I turned one of my own little girls toward her and asked if there was not one quite as dirty. "Well somehow" she answered, "your children never look dirty, even when they are." I divined the reason for the difference, for while the dress of my neighbor's child hung in folds and puckers, my little girl's plain gingham apron, soiled and torn from her play, fitted smoothly and shapely about her form.

Training of Children.

[Aunt Fannie in London Letter.]

As soon as your littlelass can prattle and run about teach her order, cleanliness, neatness and economy. The second you can commence almost at birth. Buy her some toy-dolls, a house and cradle, if possible—supply her with a place to put them in, nor suffer any member of the family to disturb or appropriate that place. As soon as she is tired of her playthings make her carefully dust and stow them neatly away in their proper places. This will teach her order and punctuality. As she advances give her lessons in sewing and making garments for her dolls; also to make the curtains, carpets and upholstery for the chairs, sofas and ottomans, and arrange them properly, to keep the house clean and the doll's clothes also. By this you will lay the foundation of a good, sound, practical domestic education, and will soon discover all the elements of a well-ordered and regulated system pervading every action and movement of your little pup.

Lemon for Malaria.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

At the International Medical congress in Copenhagen, Professor Crudeli, of Rome, read a paper on "Malaria and Its Remedies." Acknowledging the great value of quinine and arsenic as preventive and curative, he said a cheaper, harmless, and yet effective remedy may be found in the ordinary lemon. He advised that a decoction of lemon be made as follows: Cut up one lemon, peel and all, into thin slices, put it into three glassfuls of water, and boil it down to one glassful. Strain the liquid through linen, squeezing thoroughly the remains of boiled lemon, and set it aside to cool. Drink the whole amount when fasting. As the decoction possesses cathartic properties, the dose should not be repeated too frequently, not more than once a day, or every other day, according to individual susceptibility.

Fashionable, but Uneducated.

[Julia Ward Howe.]

The reason why education is usually so poor among women of fashion is that it is not needed for the life which they lead. With a good figure, good clothes and a handsome equipage; with a little reading of the daily newspapers and of the fashionable reviews; and, above all, with the happy tact which often enables women to make a large display of very small requirements, the women of fashion may never feel the need of true education. We pity her none the less, since she will never know its peace and delight.

The Best Dressed.

[Mrs. A. E. Dickinson.]

She is the best dressed woman whose dress is so harmonious in itself and so in harmony with her personal appearance and manners that while the details are unnoticed, the whole gives a strong and pleasing impression of her individuality—the dress seems a part of herself.

For the Hair.

[Courier Journal.]

When one has had a fever and the hair is falling off, take a cup of sage, steep in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Sponge the head with the tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

To Stop a Sneeze.

[Cor. Detroit Free Press.]

When I feel inclined to sneeze I press my finger on my upper lip, directly under the nose, and press tightly. It always stops the sneeze, but a queer sensation passes over one while doing this.

The Home Grass-Plot.

[New York Daily News.]

Try and get a little green grass around your home. Nothing cures the ill mind so much as verdure. It is manifestly wrong and unnatural, too, to rear children on a playground made of stone flagging or Nicholson pavement.

Don't Fret.

[Mrs. C. F. Wilder in Christian Advocate.]

Above everything, don't fret. Don't fret. The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping," says Solomon. I will add—and will be sure to wear out the love of the noblest.

For Mosquitoes.

[The Scientific American.]

It is said that a bottle of pennyroyal is left uncorked in a room at night, not a mosquito or any other blood-sucker will be found there in the morning.

Song and Story, Life and Death, are so cruel to a woman.

Milk is the very best thing with which to clean oil-cloth.

When Buying Pictures.

[The Current.]

The Studio makes the following suggestion to those who wish to buy pictures: "Never take the advice of anybody, no matter how 'cultivated,' or 'educated,' or how great an 'authority' he or she may be." This is somewhat startling, coming from a journal devoted to the advancement of art, but it has good reasons therefor. It holds, and rightly, that people should buy that which they really like, and then "try it by living with it;" if it be really good "it will help the purchaser to get something as good or, it may be, better the next time." The suggestion is wholly sound, for it is in accord with the theory that pictures themselves educate the artistic sense.

REVOLUTIONISTS!

So Do the Russian "Nihilists" Call Themselves.

Their Work of Propagandism and the Sublime Courage with Which They Labor—Heroes, Heroines and Martyrs.

[Foreign Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

Nihilists do not call themselves by that name. They call themselves revolutionists.

Nihilism is a word invented by Turgeneff; it is one of his novels to signify utter absence of belief, and the coin he minted having been current all the world over, Russian revolutionists are compelled in some measure to acknowledge it, but while acknowledging they protest. There was, I believe, once a class of pessimists in Russia who professed to have no faith whatever, but they were not militant revolutionists, of whom Turgeneff knew little or nothing, for he was exiled before the movement began.

I do not suppose the people we call nihilists are orthodox Christians, but the Slavonic races are a religious and emotional by nature, and it is not in the nature of things that men should suffer and fight and die for a cause without believing in something immaterial and divine. Nihilism, in its present development, is essentially a religion—a religion which demands from its votaries an all-pervading faith and an unlimited capacity for self-sacrifice. A nihilist who does not possess the constancy of a martyr and the courage of a hero is of no more use than a soldier in petticoats, armed with a broomstick.

The ordinary work of a Russian revolutionist is not, as some may suppose, making mines, fabricating dynamite and murdering police spies. Being the work of propaganda, it resembles in some respects the work of Christian emissaries in pagan times, or of Huguenot pastors after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The great hindrance to reform in Russia lies even more in the ignorance of the people than in the tyranny of the government. All the educated classes, except employees of the state, are either potential or actual revolutionists or, as we may say, reformers; but the masses, though terribly oppressed and taxed almost to death, are, yet, ignorant of the source of their suffering and the possibility of improvement. When things go wrong they lay the blame, not on the czar, upon whom they look, or rather have looked (for they are slowly waking up to a perception of the truth), as a sort of demi-god, but on his agent or representatives.

The real object of the nihilists is to enlighten the masses, to show them that without political revolution there is no possibility of amendment, and convince them that the pride of all blessings is freedom. Could the masses be won over to the cause of the government would be untenable, for if the peasants, who are now the basis of his power, were to fail him, the czar would be forced to grant some sort of reform which must end in the establishment of representative institutions. Why the czar does not spontaneously concede reform is a question with which, as also with the motives and deeds of the terrorists, I shall deal in another letter.

As it is, the government not alone refuses to make concessions, but treats as a felon every man who ventures either to find fault with their proceedings or hint a doubt that the czar is not the best and wisest of earthly rulers.

WOMAN AND HOME.

The Well-Dressed Woman—On Horseback—In Dakota.

Before and After—Painfully Neat
Parisian Jewelry—Miss Alcott
—Miss Kelley—Making
a Scrap-Book.

[Literary Word.]

A scrap-book should not be composed of miscellaneous material, but confined to some special purpose, for there are very few topics on which The World does not publish a wealth of information and graceful wit. Let the collector decide rigidly whether pictures or printed texts are to be collected. In nature the collector should confine him to a definite subject, whether portraits, his rural landscapes, or some branch of natural history. A book of famous authors may be collected from publishers' catalogues alone.

In almost every city or town a volume of local scenery may be collected. The collector should especially seek to save what is likely to be lost. For a book in which to paste the cuttings, almost any bound volume will do, especially if its pages show a wide margin, and the print can be readily covered by two widths of ordinary newspaper clippings. The margin may be used for notes, including dates and a few explanatory memoranda. The clippings should be kept for a week or so, before they are pasted down, because a second judgment may rule them out. It is quite safe to advise collectors that no cutting will do, unless it bids fair to be fresh and intelligible a year after it has been honored with a place in the scrap-book. If the pages become too thick for the cover, cut out two or three leaves after every page filled with the clippings.

When there is the slightest possibility that a scrap-book may be used for publishing purposes, or that any of its entries may be cut out for other uses, cover one page only. But on the page used, the clippings should be packed closely together. If possible each clipping should retain the "rule" which marks the end of a printed paragraph or poem. The column lines need not be retained. In fact, it is best to cut newspapers always along these lines. Ragged edges, of course, should be avoided, and the mucilage with which the clippings are pasted down should be used sparingly, lest it ooze through the paper or exude from under the edges. Flour paste is better than mucilage, and what is known as "photographer's paste," is excellent.

Woman's Life in Dakota.

[Chicago Herald.]

A broad-shouldered, compactly built young woman with brown face and hard hands sat in the Lake Shore depot the other evening waiting for the departure of a train for the east. She had just arrived in town from Dakota.

"We don't waste any time in foolishness out our way," she said to a young man who seemed to be acquainted with her. "There is no love-making on my half section. It's nothing but No. 2 wheat from May to August. That's what we are out there for. Now, I own and manage a farm of 320 acres, and this year I took out a crop of eighteen bushels to the acre and sold it, got the cash, put it in the bank, discharged all my men but one, who will look after things this winter, and I'm off for a little fun down east."

Marriage?" said she, in response to some remark by her companion; "that's what all the good-for-nothing cranks of men that I see from plowing time to harvest can talk about. What do I want to get married for? There are more than 300 of us girl farmers in Dakota, and we will hold a convention some time. I never saw a man yet that I would have around. I intend to farm until I get enough money to live on comfortably, and then I'll see. I'm in the habit of doing about as I please. There was a nice young fellow in my neighborhood last July, who tried to be very gallant and wanted to help me whenever I did any work. If I chopped a little wood he wanted to do it. If I went after a pail of water he wanted to carry it. If I put a bag of grain on my shoulder he insisted on giving me a lift. He was a pretty nice boy, but he made me tired. One day I wanted the hay-rick on the wagon, and I took hold of one end and clapped it up on the wheel so quick that it made him dizzy."

"Let me," says he, but he only threw the whole thing down in trying to get the other end up. "He didn't have the strength. "Says I, "Oh, go away. You don't eat enough No. 2 wheat." Then I put the rick up in good style."

"We meet lots of such fellows out there. They are good enough, I suppose, but when I want one I will send for him."

The Well-Dressed Woman.

[American Queen.]

The well-dressed woman again knows not what to wear, but when to wear it. In the summer forenoon you will see her in the simplest of cottons, a dress absolutely plain and without ornament, without laces, fringes, decoration of any kind. In the winter of the same time she is equally plainly dressed in cloth. Late in the day she changes to small cloths for more ceremonious duties, visits, afternoon parties and tea—velvets and silks combined in winter, in summer rich gauzes and costly laces. In the evening, for dinner or ball, the most choice and splendid masterpieces of the dress maker's art are reserved; the richest stuff set off with the most elaborate embroideries and the rarest jewels. But, withal, even in the last gorgeous stage into which the modern chrysalis has developed, ostentatious display is scrupulously avoided.

The highest art is to conceal art; to use the richest materials in compassing the utmost simplicity. There is no heaviness, no overloading with ornament, no meaningless superfluous decoration. The attire of a perfectly-dressed woman is original without eccentricity, personal to herself, yet following the latest fashion; attractive, yet undemonstrative—developing to the utmost her pecuniary charms.

Women on Horseback.

According to DeBussigny's "Handbook," a lady should sit on a horse thus: "The head straight, easy turning upon the shoulders in any direction without involving a movement of the body. The eyes fixed straight to the front, looking between the horse's ears, and always the direction in which he is going.

The upper part of the body easy, flexible, and straight. The lower part of the body firm, without stiffness. The shoulders well back and on the same line. The arms falling naturally. The forearm bent. The wrists on a level with the elbows. The reins held in each hand. The fingers firmly closed, facing each other, with the thumbs extended on the ends of the lines. The right foot falling naturally on the pomme of the saddle, the left foot in the stirrup without leaning on it. The part of the right leg between the knee and the hip joint should be turned on its outer or right side, and should press throughout its length on the saddle. The knees should, in their respective positions, be continually in contact, without an exception. The lower or immovable part of

the leg plays upon the immovable at the knee joint, the only exception being when the rider rises to the trot, at which time the upper part of the leg leaves the saddle."

Before and After.

[New York Cor. Chicago Times.]

Who has not been acquainted here with amiable, genial, kind-hearted, engaging bachelors, and been struck by the revolution they have undergone after passing into conjugal bliss? They are said to be fortunately married in everything except money, to be very fond of their wives, and the most devoted of fathers. There is no reason to believe otherwise. And yet they do not look the happiness supposed to be embodied in their hearts. Their faces have deep lines they seem far older than their years; they seldom smile; their opinions are cynical, their manners are morose. If all this be mentioned, their intimates will say that they have many cares; that they have a hard time to get on, but that their domestic relations are delightful. The deduction is that it is possible to be happy at home and appear wretched abroad, just as it is possible to be wretched at home and appear happy abroad. But calm outsiders, waiting for facts and arguments in favor of matrimony before embracing it, may well be discouraged by such adverse semblances.

New York offers every year more and more inducements to celibacy, both positively and negatively. The expense of marriage and all that is associated with it steadily and rapidly increases, forcing married men to send their families into the country, while they toll in town and go home when they may. Many make a daily journey to and fro of eighty and a hundred miles, and are so tired with perpetual travel, added to their onerous duties, that they employ every leisure hour in seeking rest. They unquestionably enjoy their domesticity; they ought to, they have so little of it. To get up at sunrise, still sleepy; bolt their breakfast; hurry to the train; arrive at office or store; work hard every minute, their mind fixed all the while on the hour for return; dash off with a number of things undone; reach the station just in season to see the last car receding from view; feel unutterably profane; go back to attend to the unfinished task; meet a friend, leisurely, serene, contented, who smiles complacently (he is an infernal bachelor) set to work again; once more rush off, the job still incomplete, and leap on the train, already in motion, hot, out of temper, hurried to death, and devilishly domestic. To repeat this 624 times a year is the strongest evidence of family devotion; and yet it is not a wholly unalloyed satisfaction.

Miss Alcott's Reply.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Miss Louisa Alcott, being asked for advice by a young lady who desired to earn a living by literary work, replied: "I can only reply to yours as to the other innumerable letters of the same sort which I receive. One must wait and work long and patiently before success of any sort comes and talent must be in the tales, or they won't sell. If people won't take the stories, try something else. For a young woman with good health and a brave heart many ways of earning a living are open if she can put her pride in her pocket and take whatever comes, no matter how humble the task may be. Nurse, teacher, companion, housekeeper, seamstress or servant are all honest trades and worth trying while waiting for the more agreeable work."

I tried them, and after grubbing for twenty years made a hit, seemingly by accident, but I could see how very hard experience had helped, every sacrifice enriched, and so believe heartily in that sort of training for us all. I do not know any one in Washington, and I think anything better than the places women hold in public offices there. If your stories are good they will find a market; if they are not stop writing and try something else. The gift is born with us, and cannot be learned, as some think. Knowing nothing of you or your capabilities, it is impossible for me to advise or recommend except in the general way. 'Hope and keep busy' is my motto, for while one works despair cannot get the upper hand."

Painfully Neat.

[Mrs. A. E. Dickinson in Weekly Magazine.]

The tidy housekeeper may be a jewel beyond price, or she may be, as an exaggeration of her tidiness an unmitigated nuisance. We have known such, whose continual stringing with the demons of dirt and disorder left its impress on the face. The features sharpened from perpetual prying into corners and crevices after dust and cobwebs, the brow was contracted into a stereotyped frown over "the total depravity of humankind things," and the voice grew querulous from continual complaints of the carelessness of children and servants.

Even the guest felt hampered in such a presence; scarcely dared to touch the finely bound volumes arranged with mathematical precision, or move the chairs which seemed a steadfast in their moorings as the seats in an audience room; but stepped gingerly about, fearing to disarrange the furniture or drapery, and was silently reproved when the lady hostess stooped to pick up some stray ravelings from her work or return to its place the book she had just laid down. The husband of that wife did not praise her with any enthusiasm, or her children rise up and call her blessed, but were glad to escape from her perpetual restrictions into hopeless pantfully neat but where there was more freedom and comfort.

Congressman Kelley's Daughter.

[Exchange.]

Miss Florence Kelley, the daughter of Congressman W. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, who has been studying in Europe, is engaged to be married to a Russian. A correspondent says of her: "Miss Kelley, as a child, was a pet and favorite of Henry C. Cary, the American economist, and when she was 14 he remarked that he would rather discuss economics with her than with any specialist on the same subject he had ever known. Her father, naturally proud of her analytical mind and power of retention, has directed his daughter's education with a view to developing her ability, and gratifying her taste for the studies that few women have cared to grapple with. Since being graduated at Vassar, Miss Kelley has been for the most time abroad, traveling and pursuing the study of political economy at Zurich, though she found time to write a number of magazine articles and contributed a weekly letter to The Washington National Tribune.

Women Laborers.

According to the Massachusetts Bureau of labor statistics among the women laborers of that state are 100 barbers and hairdressers, 6 parkkeepers, 3 bill posters, 9 commercial travelers, 2 bank officials, 2 pawnbrokers, 4 teamsters, 2 sailors, 1 gun and locksmith, 75 bakers, 56 shoemakers, 6 carpenters, 2 door, sash and blind makers, 13 masons, 1 paper-hanger, 1 plumber and gasfitter, 2 carriage makers, 16 watch and clock repairers, 10 cabinet makers, 10 harness makers, 7 machinists, 4 blacksmiths, 233 printers, 2 stone cutters, 4 coopers, 295 laborers, and 5 engineers.

Paris' New Jewelry.

[American Queen.]

A new style of jewelry has become fashionable in Paris. The whole animal world has

been exhausted in furnishing birds, beasts, fishes to adorn hats and bouquets for the promenade. These have gradually diminished from the life-size crowning cock and peacock to the wren sitting on her nest, and the field mouse peeping from her tiny abode on top of a corn-stalk. Fashion now ordains that the brooches and ear-rings worn in full dress shall assume the most gigantic proportions. One of the most popular ornaments is now the elephant, which, of disproportionate dimensions, is used to clasp the new Dominican cloaks, to finish the corsage in evening dress, to clasp the zone of beauty, or dangle from the ears. The ugly ornament is to be seen in every variety of material, and flourishes on every occasion.

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If all this be mentioned, their intimates will say that they have many cares; that they have a hard time to get on, but that their domestic relations are delightful.

The backs of cambric overskirts and polo maces make serviceable aprons for the children, providing you let the machine do all the sewing and do not spend much time in trimming. Have a good fitting pattern, however, for the plainest garment. Much depends upon the shape and fit of the aprons. One pattern, providing it is correct, will do duty in many ways. I cut aprons, dresses, cloaks and undergarments from a nice cloak pattern I have, varying them all to suit my taste.

Said a lady to me one day, referring to a neighbor's child who was at play with mine, "How dirty that little girl always looks."

For reply I turned one of my own little girls toward her and asked if there was not one quite as dirty. "Well somehow" she answered, "your children never look dirty, even when they are." I divined the reason for the difference, for while the dress of my neighbor's child hung in folds and puckers, my little girl's plain gingham apron, soiled and torn from her play, fitted smoothly and shapely about her form.

Training of Children.

[Pauline in The Housekeeper.]

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NO POISON IN THE PASTRY

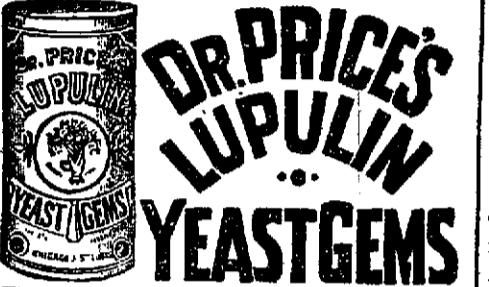


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A Wonderful Feat.

An Indian named Tsu-mung-she-ung, one of the nomades who has been roaming about the city and vicinity for some time, performed a truly wonderful feat yesterday in the presence of a few admirers of his tribe who gathered to witness his exhibition of daring and strength. The hero of the tale, is a strong, square built, good looking Indian, and hisfeat was to swim the Missouri with his left hand tied behind him, his reward for this being the hand and heart in marriage of a bewitching (?) daughter of one of his fellow savages. The wonder of the feat was not only in swimming the treacherous stream with one arm fastened firmly behind him, but in going in water almost as cold as ice, with his buckskin trousers and shirt on, to catch the sand and threaten to pull him to the bottom. At 10 o'clock yesterday morning the daring fellow was in readiness, and his admirers, together with the girl of his choice were on the bank, just above the bridge, to see him start. It was a thrilling and pathetic scene. The young gallant gazed up and down the cold, treacherous stream, while the girl cried and sang in a weird, mournful manner, a seemingly plaintive love chant. It was a novel and certainly interesting scene. Everything was in readiness. The young Indian, with a graceful wave of the right hand and amid the encouraging shouts of the other rods, shook the hand of the fair prize for which he was risking his life, stepped off a little aboriginal music, in a sort of a good bye hello, if I don't see you again air and plunged into the river. A yell then went up from the crowd of spectators which caused the capillary integument of the reporter to strain to start zenith ward at the rate of a mile a minute. The swimmer bold, dove from the bank, and was lost from view for a number of seconds when he came to the surface several yards above the point from which he started, having made a long diagonal dive up and across the stream. He struck out boldly, paddling himself along with one hand. When he reached the middle of the stream he raised his arm and went straight down, disappearing beneath the muddy surface. As the waters closed over him the maid who had been watching every movement with interest, manifested great nervous excitement, and just as she was about to jump into the frail canoe which was half launched, her lover appeared with a careless toss of the head, and his raven locks floated upon the surging waters. As he neared the opposite shore the admiring braves, led by the girl, began waving their hands and singing a song of joy, and when he reached the bank and stood facing his admirers, loud were the exclamations of gladness up from the point where he started. It was indeed a wonderful feat—swimming the stream with one arm completely disabled and wearing heavy buckskin pantaloons and shirt, with no boat or body guard to accompany him. But he accomplished it with apparent ease, and for his reward received what to him was not more than all else combined. The reporter was told the wedding would take place at the camp-ground of the Indians, twenty miles north, next Tuesday. Among those who witnessed the feat were several strange Indians, who had been invited from afar to participate in the festivities of the wedding.

The Capitol.

A Tribune visited the capitol yesterday and found that the structure is continually growing handsomer and more attractive under the influence of mechanics and artists. The hard, white finish has been put upon all the rooms, carpenters at work on the broad stairways, and easements, the gallery in the hall of the house of representatives is nearly completed, and the interior of the building already presents a finished appearance. The most gratifying feature to the eye of the Dakotan, is that of the beautiful evergreens which have been planted profusely about the grounds. Sixth street has been graded from Main street to the capitol, and now that the work is completed, the structure is continually growing handsomer and more attractive under the influence of mechanics and artists. 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By Telegraph

New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The Associated Press has given out the following: The latest returns from New York state outside of New York and Kings county show that for 1432 election districts already reported from that section of the state, the average Republican plurality has been as nearly as possible to 35. If each of the 564 districts yet to be known from return the same average plurality they will yield 19,740 for Blaine, and this added to the 49,938 plurality shown by those already reported, will make the Republican plurality, exclusive of New York and Kings county, 69,678. The Democratic plurality in New York county is, according to the latest computation, 42,786, and that of Kings county 15,152. It appears, therefore, that the Democratic plurality of 57,988 will be overcome with upwards of 11,000 to spare by the plurality with which Blaine comes to Harlem river. This is contingent upon showing as favorable for the Republicans as they have done up to this time in the state, although as a matter of fact the late returns have been more favorable.

Waiting For The Returns.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The streets in front of the newspaper offices continue blocked with crowds of people standing on tiptoe scanning bulletins and waiting anxiously for definite news. The Times, Herald, World, Sun and Tribune, each had its crowds, and the bulletins issued are so different that every man can have his wishes gratified. The Tribune keeps its electric light playing upon a card which informs all comers that Blaine carries New York by 10,000 and is elected president; the Sun keeps its crowd interested and the World keeps issuing dispatches confirming democratic chances which it promulgated in the morning. The front of the building is brilliantly illuminated and decked with magnificent and very flattering portraits in color of Cleveland and Hendricks. Crowds in front of the World and Herald offices are extremely jubilant over a democratic victory now in store for them, and every bulletin issued is occasion of as much cheering as it were not flatly contradicted by a bulletin of the next hour.

From a Democratic Paper.

ALBANY, Nov. 5.—The Argus will say tomorrow: "Cleveland is elected and he will be inaugurated. The state is not at all in doubt but has elected Cleveland and Hendricks, who will take the seats to which the people have appointed them. Communications to the Argus today from the counties of New York state, demonstrate the election of the Democratic electors by a conclusive and safe majority over the Blaine electors, and having been made Democratic by the people, New York will remain, be declared and be counted Democratic, and whatever is necessary to this act of truth and justice will be thoroughly and fearlessly done."

Take 'Em All.

ALBANY, Nov. 5.—The latest semi-official returns show a democratic majority in the state of 3,266. Though not believed in democratic circles, this will not vary more than 200 either way. The Argus estimates the electoral vote 217 for Cleveland; 122 for Blaine and 50 doubtful. The doubtful states are California, Illinois, Michigan, Nevada, Oregon and Wisconsin.

It Shines for Cleveland.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The Sun has received returns from every county in the state and revised the returns complete from fifty-four of sixty counties. They give Cleveland 1,643 plurality.

At Hendricks' Home

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 5.—Governor Hendricks has been in receipt of telegrams from various sources all day, but nothing from the national Democratic committee since morning. He answered a telegram from Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, who asked his opinion of the result, and the reasons which, in his belief, led to it, and attached an inquiry as to how New York has gone. In response Mr. Pulitzer wired that New York has given Cleveland and Hendricks a small plurality which might be increased, anyhow, the state was sure for the Democratic electors. The following telegram from the Young Men's Independent Committee, of New York, gave Mr. Hendricks considerable personal gratification, but it was not satisfying as to actual facts.

Believing that the war issues are settled, the independent Republicans of New York have given you the state and voted in favor of an administration of reform.

This evening an associated press reporter called upon the governor and was accorded a brief interview. He said:

I firmly believe Indiana has gone democratic by a decisive majority, and I am inclined to extend my estimate of last night from 5,000 to 8,000. I cannot understand the system of reports that are furnished by Mr. Whelock, of the Western Union, to the associated press, for he is misleading the people. I talked with General Munson about it this afternoon and he stated that he had the same fault to find when he was directing the affairs of the state committee four years ago. As to New York state, of course I cannot be so certain. If the associated press figures are reliable they settle New York state against Cleveland. The division in the Democratic vote there, between Cleveland and Butler, is due to the employment of the latter to work in the interests of Blaine. There is no doubt Butler was working for the republican managers.

A Chance For Butler.

WHEELING, West Va., Nov. 5.—Eleven counties out of fifty-two give a net republican gain of 1,600 over the October vote. A gain of 700 more in the remaining counties would give one-half of the state's votes to Blaine and one-half to Butler.

Sent to J. G.

AUGUSTA, Me., Nov. 5.—At about 2 o'clock Blaine received the following from Albany: "This state is surely safe. Congratulations. Signed, J. M. Bailey." At the same time a dispatch was received from Denver stating that Colorado had gone republican by four thousand in majority.

Spartans County.

Jamestown, D. T., Nov. 5.—Nuckles and Richardson, for the council and Steele and Williams and Goodrich democratic, have from two to three hundred majority in this county.

In digging a hole to plant a St. John flagstaff in Indiana the workmen struck a spring of water. A hole was bored in the pole and it was transformed into a pump, where the faithful can slake their thirst and show their respect for the cause at the same time.

From Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 5.—At no previous election in Wisconsin has there ever been such a delay in receiving returns from the state as at the present time. For twenty-four hours the figures have been coming in in dribs and drabs, and are scattered about the state that it has been most impossible to form a reliable estimate in any particular section. The respective head quarters of the Republican and Democratic state central committees, in this city, have been bowed during the entire day by party leaders from various parts of the state and an inter-

POLITICS make such strange bedfellows nowadays, says the Philadelphia Call, that almost any school boy can put a great political journal to confusion by quoting from its own files.

The wife of George McCreary, of Watertown, New York, presented him with four children at a birth last Sunday. They are all girls and weighed seven pounds apiece.

YANKTON, Dak., Nov. 5.—Yankton county gives Gifford, for congress, a majority of about 500, and the same for the republican legislative ticket. The county ticket is about half democratic and half republican.

There are always new things under the sun. A Boston physician whom I heard about the other day is doing wonders by means of some very simple notions that he has adopted. He cures weak chests and throats, but it seems to me there is so little money in his method that it is not likely to be much followed by others members of his profession. His advice to all persons who take cold easily, who are subject to sore

throats and susceptible to consumption, is to put away flannel underclothing and wear stout cotton goods next to the skin instead. He has given this advice to so many patients that it is said the sale of one grade of Wamsutta cotton has materially advanced of late in Boston. This physician says that most people dress too warmly for indoor life, and that it is better, especially in winter, to reduce the amount of clothing worn while in the house, and to wrap up carefully while going out. He says the cotton shirt worn next to the skin should be very loose, and the pores of the skin should be given full opportunity to perform their natural function. I have no doubt of some persons who need just such advice, and perhaps it may save their lives.

Mothers and Daughters.

[Boston Budget.] How strange it is that ideas in various parts of the globe are so contradictory. For instance, take the question of girls. In spite of our advancing ideas, we have a general conviction that girls should not be put to very hard work. We shield them if we can. In Asia and Africa, on the contrary, in spite of all we are always hearing of the lazy lives of women in those countries, an old belief prevails that they were born to labor. The same is true in many parts of Germany. In Turkestan and on the Tartar steppes, the Kirghese sultanes and their daughters, in whose veins flow the blood of long lines of kings, still milk the sheep, cows and goats, and perform the menial duties of the household. They reverse our order of things. The mother wears silk and the daughter calico; the mother cultivates accomplishments and the daughter does the drudgery; in fact, they really consider the mother entitled to the best of everything! Such is it to be uncivilized. There the mother is at home in the parlor and the daughter in the kitchen, and we would look in vain for the child too fashionable and well-educated to scorn her mother. What a blessed state of affairs!

Tanned Faces.

[Kansas City Journal.] How strange it is that ideas in various parts of the globe are so contradictory. For instance, take the question of girls. In spite of our advancing ideas, we have a general conviction that girls should not be put to very hard work. We shield them if we can.

We think tale bearers may be divided into two classes: Those who carry ill news out of malice, and those who retail it for want of other entertainment. It is difficult to decide which is the most inexcusable or the less vicious. We have heard women called "merely thoughtless" who would deliberately elaborate some harmless fact until it assumed proportions dangerous to the peace and comfort of others. These "merely thoughtless" women usually board. They have small, weedy brains, and divide their time between fancy work and tatting. They do a blackmail business, too, on a small scale, and wreak vengeance for supposed slight or unfriendly friends.

There is but one way to deal with such persons—rise superior to them. Owen Meredith calls the world "a nettle" and gives the sage advice "avoid it or crush it." We think the first method the better of the two. Avoid the scandal monger.

But we hear some one say, "Of course you are speaking of women; men never bear tales or gossip." Not so fast. There is not much difference in sex when we come down to the everyday trials and joys of life. Busy men gossip; busy women don't bear tales. Kind men bind up wounded hearts, and kind women heal them. It doesn't make much difference whether it is a man or a woman, when the intention to injure is there.

The Model Husband.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The first essential of a model husband is that he is in some honorable way other than by lying, stealing or gambling or beggary, providing a home and a living for the wife and children. It is fair to estimate that 90 per cent of all the married men you meet from year's end to year's end do this. And until those who have never done it try their hands for a dozen years they are not competent critics or judges. It is, in fact, the primal and honorable basis of all properly constituted society, and the men that do it are to a great extent model husbands so far.

The husbands, who in addition to providing homes, food and clothing for their wives and children, also do the marketing, tend the furnace fire to save the domestic's hands and the coal, are kindly and affectionate, take their wives to church, to the park or the theatre, as the wives' tastes may incline, sew the buttons on their own shirts when the servants rub them off on wash day, dust their own looking-glasses when the chambermaids neglect to do so, and don't carry dead-bands to other people's doors, and are generally patient and enduring, as most husbands are, why they are more than model husbands. And if the cities and towns were not full of them there would be no peace worth speaking of in all the domestic circles of this planet. Now then,

The Prevalence of Stripes.

[Chicago Herald.]

But more than any alteration in the statute, more than the decisions of courts and the essays of publicists and the arguments of reformers, there is needed conscience in the contraction of marriage and a sense of duty, which statutes cannot make, in living within its obligations. The foolish and the silly will demand that, once married, man and woman shall be better and more nearly perfect than before wedlock. These will assume that by the ceremony of marriage a miracle is performed, suddenly changing human nature into the divine. Conscience and common sense are better than statutes, better than reason. No man and no woman should marry until abe, out of love, or lacking love, out of don't gossip; busy women don't bear tales. Kind men bind up wounded hearts, and kind women heal them. It doesn't make much difference whether it is a man or a woman, when the intention to injure is there.

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[Philadelphia Times.]

The first essential of a model husband is that he is in some honorable way other than by lying, stealing or gambling or beggary, providing a home and a living for the wife and children. It is fair to estimate that 90 per cent of all the married men you meet from year's end to year's end do this. And until those who have never done it try their hands for a dozen years they are not competent critics or judges. It is, in fact, the primal and honorable basis of all properly constituted society, and the men that do it are to a great extent model husbands so far.

The husbands, who in addition to providing homes, food and clothing for their wives and children, also do the marketing, tend the furnace fire to save the domestic's hands and the coal, are kindly and affectionate, take their wives to church, to the park or the theatre, as the wives' tastes may incline, sew the buttons on their own shirts when the servants rub them off on wash day, dust their own looking-glasses when the chambermaids neglect to do so, and don't carry dead-bands to other people's doors, and are generally patient and enduring, as most husbands are, why they are more than model husbands. And if the cities and towns were not full of them there would be no peace worth speaking of in all the domestic circles of this planet. Now then,

The Smell of Boiling Cabbage.

[Cor. New York Sun.]

Here is a piece of information for housekeepers. We have tried it several times.

Everyone knows how disagreeable the odor of cooking cabbage is. All your neighbors can tell you when you are going to have cabbage for dinner. If you put a small piece of red pepper in with the cabbage there will be no smell. The pepper absorbs the odor of the cabbage. Don't put in too large a piece of pepper, however, or the cabbage will be hot.

Gregarious.

[The Household.]

There can be no doubt that women are, as a rule, inclined to hospitality. Say, if you will, that they are gregarious—always happy with some one to talk over plans with, even with one with whom to exchange news, even gossip; that they love to exhibit their acquaintances their taste in furnishing a room, or in table arrangements, or to show off their skill in cooking; the fact remains the same, that women love to "have company."

The Post-Boy Hats.

[American Queen.]

The post-boy hat is quite a favorite with young ladies. It has rather a lugubrious crown,

a brim at the front, none at the back, and is generally trimmed with a band of velvet and a bunch of feathers at the front, rather high,

or a rosette of lace and aigrette, or a bouquet of flowers.

Good Language.

[Good Cheer.]

You have merely to use the language which you read, instead of the slang which you hear, to turn a taste in agreement with the best speakers and poets in the country.

Better than Roughness.

[P. Hotep.]

Love thy wife and cherish her as long as thou livest. Flattery is better than roughness and will make her contented and diligent.

Cure for Sore Throat.

A hornet's nest which has been deserted by the hornets, bound on the throat with a piece of flannel will cure the most malignant sore throat.

For Heartburn.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt, dissolved in a little cold water and drunk, will instantly relieve heartburn.

There are twenty American girls studying at the University of Zurich. They are admitted upon equal terms with the male students.

Dark red and blue is to be the fashionable combination in dresses and millinery this fall.

The golden rod is now popular for house decoration. The golden rule would be better.

Tatting is coming into fashion again to trim collars, cuffs, aprons, undergarments, etc.

Quantities of red appears in new millinery.

Mr. Jones on Local Issues.

[Chicago Herald.]

Jones came home in a dilapidated condition

night before last and undertook to hang himself up on the hat rack in the front hall. His wife stood at the head of the stairs watching him.

First he would put his hat on the bottom stair and then taking himself by the coat collar he would make a lunge for a hook just out of his reach. Then he tried to hang up his umbrella by the point. After it had fallen down several times he sat down on his hat and soliloquized:

"Most extraordinary campaign. Never saw another like it. Party's all 'cro'up. Men running after strange gods. Nobody knows where he stan's. Blared I know where I am any more. All the boys goin' off. Wonder where old woman stan's. Shouldn't be sprised to find her a boister's well's rest."

Just then she grabbed him by the neck and observed: "John Henry, ain't you ashamed of yourself staying out till 3 o'clock in the morning when you know I'm all alone here and sick at that? You'll break my heart with your dissolute conations, I know—"

"Tisn't fash'nal issue fall. Loo'ishue Pro'bishun loo'ishue and 'er ain't no use tryin' to make nash'nal issue out 'f loo'ishue. Boyish stay it and I know it... 'n' ju' know it."

It is a local issue in that he use now whether the mother-in-law will be sent for or not. The wife says that just one more break of that kind will settle it.

London Times: The method by which most effectively crime may be repressed is by taking care that the young are not trained up as criminals.

The Bismarck Tribune.**Capital City Chips.**

To night the Governor's Guard will be at the event at the armory.

C. R. Williams' new building on Third street will soon be entirely enclosed.

The Gen. Terry passed LeBeau yesterday at 1 p.m. on her way down river.

A number of the Dakota aborigines were in the city yesterday, paying their winter provisions.

Denny Hannan struck the pathos on election day. He said: "There are but few of us left. Only one Denny, and a number of kids." He was referring to Burleigh county democracy.

Linda, the youngest daughter of Dr. Slaughter, who has been lying at the point of death for nearly four weeks with typhoid fever, is now thought to be out of danger.

The bullet announcing that Blaine was dying was the one which shook the American continent with fear and awful suspense yesterday, and in Bismarck the excitement was intense.

Yesterday morning democracy yelled Aloud in a freak of delight; Last evening their peace was more carefully held;

For their hopes were with Gildey's kite.

Pioneer Press: News was received yesterday at department headquarters at Fort Snelling that the authorities at the war department have determined to appoint Capt. H. E. Blunt of the ordnance corps, inspector of rifle practice for army. Capt. Blunt has been on duty in the department of Dakota as chief ordnance officer nearly four years, and the selection is a deserved recognition of his efficiency and zeal. He is at present in Washington, and is expected home tomorrow to arrange for the transfer to his new station. His office will be at the headquarters of the army in Washington.

Personal.

H. E. McGinness, of St. Paul, is in the city. J. Smith, of Brainard, is registered at the Sheridan.

J. B. Bechtell, of Chicago, is stopping at the Sheridan.

S. Mills, of Valley City, visited Bismarck yesterday.

T. W. Spear, of Casselton, arrived in the city yesterday.

R. P. Dey, of Chicago, arrived in the metropolis yesterday.

Peter Laram left yesterday for his home at Green Bay, Wisconsin, to reside.

County Surveyor Geo. W. Lally, of McIntosh county, arrived in the city yesterday.

C. H. Clagor left for Cleveland, Ohio, yesterday, having received a telegram announcing the dangerous illness of his mother. He expects to absent about a month.

We have no hesitation in recommending the "Garland Stoves and Range." Their high reputation for durability, economy of fuel, convenience and artist o finish stamp them as the best in the world. It is the constant aim of the manufacturers to make the very best stoves that can be produced. They are unrivaled.

Another Indian School.

The Pierre Press says: It may not be generally known, but it is expected to have an Indian training school established shortly on a portion of Pierre University grounds. A committee composed of gentlemen deeply and specially interested in the work among the Indians, two of the committee belonging in Montana, recommended that the proposed institution be put in the hands of the trustees of Pierre University, and the synod of Dakota endorsed the report. The plan is to give the Indians their elementary training in that school necessary to enter the lowest preparatory class in the college and then admit them fully into the main institution. It is believed that no difficulty will be experienced either in securing a good building for that special purpose, or funds to maintain the teachers necessary. The Indian minister belonging to the Presbyterian church connected with the synod of Dakota and their reports of church work was one of the most interesting features of the meeting of that body at Huron two weeks ago.

Musterering the Veterans

The G. A. R. post of this city will be mustered next Thursday evening the 13th inst. All who have not already done so, and desire to become members, are requested to send in their names before or at that time, or to be present on the evening of muster. The following is the list of the names already enrolled:

Val Schrock, Thomas Welsh, Wm. Gleason, O. W. Bennett, E. N. Corey, E. S. Pearce, J. M. Reed, Wm. Thompson, E. K. Brown, O. S. Goff, Arthur Lynn, C. A. Lounsbury, W. S. Moorhouse, Thos. McGowen, D. O. Preston, O. E. Sonthorst, John Quiglan, Dennis H. Minchin, John H. Richards, Sidney H. Nichols, Wm. Woods, J. W. Raymond, F. J. Cal., C. S. Wever, Robert Mason, S. G. McGill, J. F. Wallace, E. M. Fuller, Joe Hale, W. D. Smith, Michael Lane, John Conway, L. N. Griffin,

The Champion

Mr. Fred Leahout is as fine a skater as ever glided on the rollers in the capital city. A large audience witnessed his splendid exhibition at the atheneum last evening and the entertainment was especially enjoyed by the skatoria artists of the city. Mr. Leahout is the acknowledged champion of Michigan and he is well worthy the title. He has become a resident of Dakota, having established a rink in Devil's Lake wh ch he is now managing. The manager of the rink deserves a compliment for having secured so deserving an attr. to him. He goes from here to Mandan.

An Interesting Trip

A Tribune representative returned yesterday from a journey south along the river bank as far as the new town of Winona, opposite Fort Yates. It was a delightful journey. Starting from Bismarck at sunrise the traveler rides over the beautiful prairie south of the city until he reaches the winding waters of fair Apple creek, where the splash of the kingfisher and the musical bobolink remind him of the poetical shady nook and sylvan grandeur. On

Wednesday morning the first object of interest met with, was at Apple creek, where a tramp was found asleep with no covering save an overcoat, which he had thrown loosely over him. He was asorng scundly, and it was a ridiculous sight to see a man on a frosty morning reclining beneath the little clump of cottonwoods, as if seeking t' air o' cooling shade, on a sultry day. On inquiry it wa: discovered that the individual

had just returned from the Coeur d'Alene mines. His name was John Ward, and the marks of a departed responsibility were perceptible in his intelligent face and gentlemanly address. He very thankfully accepted a portion of the luncheon of the journalistic tourist, and said he would proceed to Bismarck where he would take a freight train for his home in Illinois. About fifteen miles southeast a prairie fire was encountered and the team scampered around in a circle, running into an unoccupied shack which was ablaze, and which soon disappeared into ashes. Twenty miles down the river the party of prospectors and miners who arrived in the city several days ago, and who are en route to New Orleans, were met with. They had landed and were preparing a dinner. The boys, whose names were given in the TRIBUNE as Geo. Chapman, Geo. L. Wales, Charles Pillar, A. Corrigan, W. Scoville and L. F. Butler, were in the best of spirits and ex-pected to get to New Orleans in safety. They had encountered but one snag and got away from it without injury. They said they would exhibit the boat at the New Orleans exposition. Aside from these episode the journey was made pleasant and interesting by the beautiful scenery of the Missouri river, and the hundreds of stacks of wheat and hay, and numerous comfortable, cozy farm houses, all indicating prosperity and happiness. Traveling through Emmons county a number of the farmers of that rich domain were conversed with and all spoke words of encouragement and cheer. At Williamsport the denizens of the metropolis were jubilant over their victory in the county seat contest, and many were the smiles. Arriving at Winona, a beautiful town-site was found on the east bank of the Missouri, opposite Fort Yates, with a number of neat, new buildings surrounded by a magnificent country which is being settled by an intelligent, thrifty class of people. The journey is one fraught with interesting episodes and encouraging surroundings, bringing as it does the grandeur and wealth of Dakota's free homes fully to view.

Will They Ever Tumble?

Will they ever tumble? Sometime, perhaps; maybe never. Tuesday was an eventful period for the "Reform" association of Bismarck. Early in the morning Jimmy Emmons got him from his slumbers and took him to his office in the lumber district of east Main street armed with a bundle of kindling wood with which to remove the chill of the morn from the sacred center of reform. Jimmy is a man of deep meditation and oft in his wandering walk his head is bent forward, his eyes gaze intently at a given point a few feet and several inches ahead of the point marked by the toe of his boot. This was the attitude yesterday morning as he meandered slowly to his office. But he kept on walking until he had seen every board in the lumber yards, and found himself in the midst of the unfenced prairie. Then he bethought him that he might be asleep, but his arm was tried from carrying the kindling and he sat him down to rest. Still he thought he must be dreaming. He pinched himself, squealed, spoke a few short words in Sioux and started back in search of the "aboriginal" print shop over which he holds the justice sharpened point of the "re-form" quill. After looking under all the boards and turning over the loose blocks of timber, he was about to abandon all hope of finding the office, when he stumbled against a pile of tumble weeds. Now did his eye strike fire and snap, the kindling fell to the ground and the eminent reformer exclaimed Eureka! It was a ridiculous a humorous sight. After wading through tumble weeds several feet he touched the side of his shack, and said unto himself "verily, verily, these are tumble weeds," and then he tumbled over to sleep. All that was to be seen of the office was the little brick chimney which protruded from the weeds. Will they ever tumble?

Mercer County Complications.

The Mandan Pioneer of the 5th inst. says: A temporary injunction was obtained on Monday before Judge Francis, at Bismarck, by Meairs, Mitchell and McGindley, acting for Peter Caseys, against the county commissioners and county officers of Mercer county from counting the votes of Tuesday's election, and from declaring the county seat. On Saturday the case will be heard further and the defendants will be called upon to show cause why the injunction should not be made permanent.

The grounds on which the temporary injunction was obtained are briefly stated as follows:

The law provides that a petition praying the governor of the territory to organize a county and appoint commissioners must bear the names of at least fifty legal voters. The plaintiff claims that the petition presented to Governor Ordway in November, 1883, did not bear that number of legal voters, residing in that county, and that consequently said appointment of commissioners was not legal.

Then again, one of the three men appointed to serve as a commissioner by Governor Ordway — Mr. Hawley — was a resident of Wisconsin at the time, and not a resident of Mercer county. In August, 1883, the three commissioners proceeded to appoint county officers, and these officers are made parties to the suit.

Then again, the plaintiff claims that according to the law, as it stands, commissioners shall be elected by districts. Only two precincts have been voted in and only two have been advertised. Thus a compliance with the law in this regard is claimed to be impossible.

The injunction enjoins the county officers from counting the votes and sending an abstract to the secretary of state; also it enjoins them from advertising or declaring any place to be the county seat as the result of this election.

Deputy Sheriff Schallens, of Morton county, has gone to Stanton to serve the injunction on the county officers. The result of next Saturday's proceedings will be awaited with great interest.

The First Sleigh Ride.

There might be some pleasure in writing up a sleigh ride; indeed, there might be some pleasure in the ride — but for one fact — one obstacle; an obstacle which is enough to cause an angel's sacred tears to fall, and bring a fervent cowboy prayer to the lips of the most sanctified.

The writer started out last night to see the first sleighing party of the season. The bells were jingling their merriest song, the horses pranced proudly along, the occupants of the gliding vehicle were slices of the brightest hues, every thing was propitious for a good, long, dashing description of the first sleigh ride of the season, when a cloud of terror spread over the TRIBUNE office and the bright prospects were erased for

ever. Gentle voices were heard, Gentle, in it, voice sounded like the roar of an approaching cyclone — the rustle of dresses in the front office and on the sidewalk sounded like the screeching and whizzing of a passing storm of hail and sleet, and a cold chill traveled, noiselessly up and down the spinal column of every member of the staff. A solid phalanx of females, young, old, handsome and otherwise, extending, as near as could be ascertained, from the office to Capitol Hill, surged against the doors and windows, each holding aloft a piece of paper labeled "Beautiful Snow." The electric life preserver was touched by the devil at the rear of the office; all lights were instantly extinguished; some one had presence of mind enough to yell "Mice!" and a calamity was averted.

The Election.

Yesterday's election in the city and county passed off quietly — for a presidential year. As such as the polls were opened the voters began to crowd around the court house and green houses, where the judges presided over the secession of the little box, and notaries were busy ticketing the freemen for the fray. Early in the day it was evident that Alexander McKenzie and the entire People's Ticket would nearly win the entire vote of the city, and reports from the country were of a similar color. The scenes of the day in the city were not as exciting as many had predicted, owing, perhaps, to the one-sidedness of the contest. Everybody was hurrying for McKenzie, Rev. P. Clare, of the M. E. Church, officiating, at 8 o'clock. A number of the friends of the contracting parties had gathered to witness the wedding and confer their congratulations and kindest wishes on the happy pair, and they stood supported by Miss Belle Hanson, bridegroom, and Henry Elder, groomsmen, while Rev. Clare pronounced the words which made them one. As they arose from their seats the bride was presented with a very handsome bouquet, the delicate beauty of which was in keeping with the sweet modesty of the holder. The groom — well, he is always gallant, and he went through the ceremony like a major general on dress parade. After the couple had been united, a very elaborate lunch, consisting of the choicest cakes fruits, and wines, was served to the guests, and all joined in a merry season of congratulations and social chat. A number of very handsome presents were sent in by friends among them an elegant silver set and parlor set by Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Griffin; bird cage by Miss Alvina Griffin; table set by Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Griffin; hand some large wedding cake by Mr. and Mrs. Thus, Clarke; table spread, napkins, etc., by Henry Eldridge. Mr. T. W. Griffin made another very seasonable gift yesterday afternoon, by sending a large load of potatoes to the future home of the couple. Mr. and Mrs. Ward have both lived in Bismarck a number of years and will continue their residence among their capital city friends and well-wishers.

they would regret their charge. From the rink the band had down Main street to Third, north on Third to Main, east on Main to Fourth, where they serenaded Sam H. Meigs and the entire Chinese laundry force, for the purpose, it is believed, of catching the olive-colored vote.

AT THE DEPOT.

When the train arrived the band played one of the favorite selections, at the close of which Mr. Emmons introduced the candidate, who delivered a very nicely worded little speech in which he said that he believed as sincerely as he believed that he was standing on the depot platform, that Grover Cleveland would be elected to the presidency today. This was the signal for the first demonstration of enthusiasm and several who were democrats muster'd courage enough to cheer. Mr. Williams closed by thanking the audience and citizens of Bismarck for their kind reception, urged his fellow democrats to stand by the principles and cast their votes for the democratic candidates, and the train sailed out under the lively musical variations of Yankee Doodle.

The fact of the matter is, Mr. Wilson was not given a genuine Bismarck reception, and many of the leading democrats have asked the TRIBUNE to express their regrets.

Well Be-Warded.

The residence of L. N. Griffin was the scene of a very pleasant wedding last Saturday the fortunate parties being Mr. John W. Ward and Miss Fannie Lindsay, Rev. P. Clare, of the M. E. Church, officiating, at 8 o'clock. A number of the friends of the contracting parties had gathered to witness the wedding and confer their congratulations and kindest wishes on the happy pair, and they stood supported by Miss Belle Hanson, bridegroom, and Henry Elder, groomsmen, while Rev. Clare pronounced the words which made them one. As they arose from their seats the bride was presented with a very handsome bouquet, the delicate beauty of which was in keeping with the sweet modesty of the holder. The groom — well, he is always gallant, and he went through the ceremony like a major general on dress parade. After the couple had been united, a very elaborate lunch, consisting of the choicest cakes fruits, and wines, was served to the guests, and all joined in a merry season of congratulations and social chat. A number of very handsome presents were sent in by friends among them an elegant silver set and parlor set by Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Griffin; bird cage by Miss Alvina Griffin; table set by Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Griffin; hand some large wedding cake by Mr. and Mrs. Thus, Clarke; table spread, napkins, etc., by Henry Eldridge. Mr. T. W. Griffin made another very seasonable gift yesterday afternoon, by sending a large load of potatoes to the future home of the couple. Mr. and Mrs. Ward have both lived in Bismarck a number of years and will continue their residence among their capital city friends and well-wishers.

The reporter had secured a safe hiding place where he might get a full report of the proceedings and listen to the burning apostrophes of the reformers. A the door would open he could see within and read the mottoes, which were profane.

A Bad Row.

Mr. Charles O'Maher, who has been living on a claim in the north part of the county for several months, came to the city Tuesday and reported a very bitter and almost fatal fight between two laborers who stopped with him at his shack Monday night. The names of the men as given him are John Waine and O. N. Watts. These men said they had been to the Little Rockies, where they dropped all the money they had, and having come down a number of miles were fatigued and exhausted, and wanted a place to stay. Mr. O'Maher extended the hospitalities of the shack and they stopped with him during the night. Yesterday morning he was awakened by a noise, and arising, discovered that his guests were engaged in a bitter fight, Watts having Waine down on the floor, pounding him without mercy. Mr. O'Maher sprang to the floor and tried to separate the men when Watts struck him in the face, telling him to attend to his own affairs. It was several minutes before the brutal fellow assault could be checked, and then he struggled to resume. The cause of the fight was a matter of long standing, which neither would divulge, and although they had been evidently traveling together for some time, they had not buried the jealousies and secret hatreds which led to the fight. Waine was so badly whipped that he could hardly stand, and it was several hours before he felt strong enough to walk. O'Maher pleaded with the pummeled man not to continue the journey in company with Watts, but, strange to say, Waine insisted on going, exposing an empty whisky bottle, saying, "this is the cause of the trouble, John is a good fellow when he's sober." Mr. O'Maher believed that the men are of bad character, and at first was of the opinion that they belonged to the gang of horse thieves who have infested the upper country for some time. Waine is a short, heavy set man, dark complexioned, with side whiskers and a scar over his left eye. Watts is slender, light complexioned, with mustache and chin whiskers. They left O'Maher's yesterday morning and are on their way south.

Battle of the Base Ball Bat.

A very serious and disgraceful Sunday night scene was that which attracted a crowd to the corner of Main and Second streets Sunday evening. It was the meeting of Mr. T. W. Collins and P. R. Smith in battle array, and great was the amount of blood spilt therein. How the quarrel started, what were the causes that led to it and whether the blame should be placed upon one shoulder or divided, is a problem difficult to solve. But there is one fact which works great damage to Mr. Smith, and leads the public to believe that he is to blame and that his uncontrollable temper and harsh means of warfare. Pat always fights to win regardless of consequences. One thing is certain, Mr. Collins, who is known to be one of the most peaceable of citizens, now lies in his bedroom at the Banner house, in a badly bruised and mangled condition. The stories of Mr. Collins and Mr. Smith differ somewhat.

MR. COLLINS' STORY.

A TRIBUNE representative called on Mr. Collins Monday morning and found him with his head and fingers bandaged and barely able to move. He has ugly wounds on the forehead, nose, under lip and chin, and his teeth were knocked loose, while a piece of the jaw bone was taken out by the doctor. Mr. Collins said that the trouble started in a conversation about a young man named Gebhard, an account against whom had been placed in Mt. Collins for collection. Gebhard was a friend of Smith's. There was some difference of opinion on the action of the democracy of the city in the settlement, and Sunday evening Smith stopped Collins, addressing him in an insulting manner. Mr. Collins admitted that in a fit of anger aroused by the gross insults heaped upon

him he raised an iron bootjack, but says he did not strike Smith with it. At this Smith started for him, rushing into his office, coming out with a base ball club, with which he knocked Collins down.

The first blow dealt by Smith struck Mr. Collins' stiff hat just over the forehead, demoralizing the hat, and leaving wounds on the forehead and nose. The blow caused Mr. Collins to fall intensely to the ground, striking his chin on the sidewalk with such force as to cut a large gash in his chin and lower lip, and loosened a number of teeth.

MR. SMITH'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Smith was found at the Sheridan House and the following interview ensued:

Rep.—Mr. Smith, what was the cause of the trouble between you and Mr. Collins Sunday evening?

Smith—Oh, nothing much. I simply asked him about a certain coat and he would give me no civil answer, telling me that if I wished to find the true ownership of the coat I could do so through the channels of the law. "The law" what do you know about law, you old cow," said I. "Do you mean to insult me?" said he; "I'm in the pasture with sheep ye ought to be," said I. At that he struck me with an iron boot jack and I gave it to him with the bell clapper.

Here Mr. Smith showed a large wound on the top of his head which he said was inflicted by the iron boot jack in the hands of Mr. Collins. These are the stories as told by the participants in what came very near being a bloody tragedy.

Mr. Collins is in a very painful condition, but there is not, as was first thought, anything fatal in his wounds. It is believed that Mr. Smith will be arrested and made to answer to the charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill or do great bodily harm.

Meeting of the Reform Association.

There were three soft, measured raps on the door. A hoarse whisper from within said "who comes there?" "An honorable member of the Burleigh county reform association — one of the framers of the Citizens' Reform Ticket, now known by the euphonious title of 'Independent Citizen's'" was the answer. This was sufficient. The timid guard opened the door and thrusting a dark lantern before the face of the candidate for admittance, gave him a scrutinizing stare, said "I'm well," grabbed him by the coat collar, bared him in among the